

The full-souled gratitude of the boy, with his simple story, won both her confidence and her affection. She gave him welcome to come every day, and get his meals. Her husband soon became equally attached to him, and they both continued their friendship to him for years; and when all Europe rung, in after days with his name, they remembered that they had fed the little singing beggar boy.

One day, he went a pale, thin boy, and stood at the gate of the University at Erfurt, and asked for admission. When asked if he was qualified, he answered, "He has already half finished his studies, who prays as he ought." But he did not now come without credentials, for he had made many friends, and, recommended for morality and good conduct, he was cordially admitted. He intended to study law, but a singular circumstance changed his purpose.

He used to walk in the fields, studying the beauties of nature, and learning lessons out of God's great book. One day he was with a friend in the open air, when suddenly their conversation was interrupted by loud peals of thunder that seemed to shake the very earth to its centre. They both stood still. Dark clouds gathered around them, and the swift lightning gleamed across the heaven. It seemed like the day of judgment, and as Martin turned to speak to his friend, the lightning struck him, and he fell dead upon the spot. Martin knelt by his side, and in that awful scene, made a vow to devote his life to Heaven.

I have said before that he was a Catholic, and when he received his education he entered a monastery, and became a monk. The wickedness of his associates began to open his eyes, and when he was sent to Rome on some business, he learned so much of the wickedness of the Pope, Julius the Second, that his troubles increased, and devoting himself very closely to the study of the holy Scriptures, he began to use his own reason in the interpretation of them, even in opposition to the wicked and corrupt dogmas of the Catholic church.

Pope Julius shortly after died, and John de Medicis, took the papal chair, under the name of Leo Tenth. He introduced into the Church one of the grossest corruptions that it ever knew—called the *sale of indulgences*. This was, to permit any individual who would pay a certain sum of money, to commit any sin, promising that it would not be remembered at the great judgment day. For instance, if one was angry with another, he had only to give the Pope, or the monks, whom he had commissioned for the business, a few dollars, and he might kill him with impunity. "Oh horrid!" I think I hear you say, "and did any one dare to do so?" Yes—very many; for the people believed the Pope could *not do wrong*, and that he stood in the place of God on earth, so that what he did or said *must be right*.

This completely opened the eyes of young Martin to the wickedness and dreadful guilt of Catholicism, and he began immediately to preach openly and powerfully against it. He was a fine speaker, very bold, and devoted to the cause of Christ, and having truth on his side, he drew thousands of people to hear him. They too, began to be dissatisfied with their priests and their tyranny, and called upon God to forgive their sins instead of the Pope. Martin translated the Bible into his own language, and had it printed, so that all his countrymen might read it for themselves. This greatly incensed the Pope, for he did not allow people to read the Bible, and does not to this very hour. He issued proclamations against the Reformer, for such he began to be called, and sent out spies every where to catch him. But he was fearless as a lion, and when it was not prudent for him to preach publicly, he wrote letters, and tracts, and books from his hiding place.

All Europe shook to its centre by his influence,

and thousands and thousands of people, were truly converted to God, and broke away from the dreadful errors and superstitions of Catholicism through his means, and the power of the Pope was almost destroyed.

He lived to a good age; and when he was about to die, he begged all to bear testimony, that he died as he had lived, in the faith he taught. He prays most fervently in Latin, "*In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum, Domine, Deus veritatis.*" *Into thy hands, oh Lord God of truth, I commit my Spirit!*—till suddenly his eyes closed, he clasped his hands together, and without a struggle, his soul went home to heaven. Thus died the "*Little Singing Beggar Boy*," the great MARTIN LUTHER.

I. F. S.



Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE LITTLE SINGING BEGGAR.

Many years ago, a poor miner, who lived in Eisenach, in Germany, took a journey to Eisleben, to attend the annual fair. The wife of the poor man accompanied him, and while they were there, on the eve of St. Martin's day, God blessed them with the gift of a little child. They were both of them religious Catholics, and from this circumstance, and the time of his birth, they named the little stranger, MARTIN. The father strove to give his son a virtuous education, and at an early age, placed him at a school in Eisenach. But he had no money to procure food. His father was very poor, and almost the only comfort he enjoyed, was the pleasure he took in music. For this, young Martin showed a strong talent, and when he could find no way to get a support at school, he used to wander about to the houses of the wealthy, and sing one of his sweet songs, which attracted notice from his clear and gentle voice, and in return, he received his only meals.

Sometimes he sang the favorite ditties of the day, sometimes chanted the sufferings of the martyrs, and sometimes warbled forth his own lovely music. He was often cruelly treated, taunted, accused of being an idle beggar, and even driven away from the door, by cruel menials, though all the reward he asked was a piece of bread.

One day, when his heart was almost broken for the hard words he had received, he wandered forth and threw himself on a seat before the humble dwelling of Conrad Cotta, and beneath the shadow of the ancient trees, he gave vent to his saddened heart by the low sound of plaintive music. Moved by the sweet sounds, Luisa Cotta, the good wife of Conrad, went to the door, [See picture,] and invited him in. She placed before him, the simple fare of her cottage, bread and honey, and milk from the goat of the mountain.

THE MARTYRED PRINCESS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE Princess Josephine was the beauty of her father's court, rivalling even the matured splendor of her mother, the majestic Maria Theresa. When her sister, the Archduchess Carolino, who had been betrothed to the Duke of Parma, fell a victim to that then scourge of mankind, the small pox, Josephine was selected to fill her place, as much on account of her loveliness, as because her mother deemed that her soft and pliant disposition would render a fitting tool in her hand, to watch the intentions of the Court at Parma, and report them to the Queen of Hungary.

Of all this, however, Josephine was ignorant. She had heard much of the beauty and manly courage of her betrothed lover, and it was with a happy smile, therefore, that she stood before the altar and gave her hand to his ambassador. Never had she looked lovelier than on this occasion. Her clear and lofty brow; her deep soft blue eyes; the quiet and soul-lit expression of her face, seemed now to be even more beautiful than they were wont to be; while the delicate blush suffusing her fine countenance threw a charm around her indescribable. And when her father pressed her to his bosom, and blessed her, and the tears gushed into her melting azure eyes, the audience, who witnessed the ceremony, thought they had never seen one half so lovely.

That evening the Princess sat alone, for the last time, in her favorite boudoir. She held in her hand a miniature of her husband, and she blushed as she looked on the manly beauty of his face.

Suddenly fine music was heard; they were playing an Italian air, slow and melancholy in its expression. Josephine knew the words of this music; it painted tender and passionate love. She blushed as she looked at the portrait, which she held in her hand; she looked forth, until the view was lost in the distance, perhaps to think over the future, dreaming as youth loves to do, when imagination lends its brilliant illusions to reality. These images of happiness enchanted her heart, when the door of the apartment opened. It was the Empress,

Josephine arose, strongly moved at the sight of her mother. Maria Theresa was cold and proud in her demeanor, she suffered no opposition to her will; it was not to be wondered at, that the countenance of the Princess should express embarrassment and reverence, rather than childlike affection at the sight of her mother. The Empress seemed at present, however inclined to tenderness. When her daughter offered her a seat, she advanced, took the hand of the Princess kindly within her own, drew her towards her, and then seated herself with her in the recess of a window. She then immediately opened the conversation.

"These are Italian books," she said, "and the music I heard is also Italian. Ah, dear child, do you already seek to forget us! Alas, these bonds which are so strong amongst ordinary people, with us are weak, if not wholly broken. How often, dear daughter of my heart, must I have appeared cold and stern to you! But the cares of the throne as seldom allow to me a cheerful brow, as an outpouring of the heart. Dear child, when far away thou thinkest of thy mother, remember the cares with which she is overwhelmed."

Josephine was deeply moved. She seized the hand of the Empress and bathed it in tears. Her mother now ventured to hint to her daughter her wishes. She kissed that soft, confiding face, and said,

"I know you love me, Josephine, and will do my will—hear me now!" and she proceeded to reveal to her daughter her wish that she—a Princess, and a wife!—should become a spy in her husband's cabinet.

At first Josephine listened in doubt, but as the truth broke upon her, she turned suddenly from her mother. At length she found words.

"No, no," she cried, while she sank at the feet of the Empress, "to observe his actions! to penetrate his most secret thoughts that I may lay the information before the Austrian Court! to excite his confidence in order to betray it! No, no, this cannot be my duty. My love would then be nothing but——"

"Softly, softly, Princess," interrupted Maria Theresa, while she repressed with difficulty the anger that sparkled in her eyes, "I was not prepared for such a burst of romantic love."

"The character of a spy," said the Duchess, as she raised herself with dignity, "does not suit a daughter of Maria Theresa."

At this moment, the expression of her face, assumed a character of grandeur and pride, such as had never before been visible in it. Her brow hitherto always serene, became furrowed. One might have mistaken the Princess Josephine for the Empress. She, when she perceived her daughter look so much like herself, lost all hope of making her the docile instrument of her will.

"I believe indeed," she said with derisive laugh, "that the little Colonel has turned your head. But we have not yet learned to tolerate self-will and disobedience. Leave it to me to settle this business."

"Dear mother," cried Josephine, endeavoring to retain her, "for God's sake, do not leave me with such coldness."

The Empress withdrew her hand—their eyes met. As the Princess caught a glance of the pale face of her mother, in which was painted an expression of concentrated bitterness, she fell back fainting on her seat.

When she recovered her senses, she exclaimed sorrowfully, "it is broken!" as she looked at the fragments of the broken chain, to which the picture of the Duke of

Parma, had been attached. The Empress, when she broke from her daughter with so much indignation, had entangled herself in the chain and broken it. The Duchess leaned against the balcony, dissolved in tears.

It is a crushing pain to the souls of the young, when they discover that their deepest feelings have been awakened, only to plunge them into misery. But sorrow and amazement now vanished from the strong, presentiment of a near, threatening, and terrible peril, which overpowered all other emotions. The shadows of night began to extend themselves. Josephine had looked on the pale and angry countenance of the Empress by the doubtful twilight; the power of her imagination still presented to her its threatening aspect. The loneliness around her became insupportable. She called her ladies around her. Yet, neither their laughing faces, the sound of their voices, the brightness of the lights, nor the songs of her beloved sister Pauline, had power to cheer the soul of the Princess. She walked up and down the apartment with unsteady step, when a knock was heard at the door, and she was awakened from her reverie by terror.

It was Martini, the confessor of the Empress. The features of this priest were modelled like those of an ancient statue. His lofty brow gave his face at once a stern and penetrating expression. His demeanor was humble and benevolent, his voice slow and gentle; yet it was impossible to avoid a sensation of fear at his presence. No one ever looked on that cold, unpitied face, without saying to himself—"This is a man who delights in human misery."

He approached the Duchess, looked at her dress, for in changing her robe after the ceremony, she had put on black, her usual color, and said, "I see with pleasure, my daughter, that you did not await my coming to prepare for fulfilling the duties of to-night."

"What do you mean?" asked the Princess. "I consulted nothing but my own convenience in changing my dress."

"I believed it to be done from humility. Thy wedding clothes and worldly decoration, would be unsuitable accompaniments for prayers in the presence of the dead."

"I beseech you, explain yourself," cried Josephine, trembling in every limb.

"Your Imperial Highness very well knows, that it is your turn, to watch and pray to-night at the grave of the Archduchess."

Josephine fell with her forehead against the wall. Pauline interposed with these words:

"The Empress will never permit it. Every one knows, that the Archduchess died with the small pox, on which account no one has since entered the chapel."

"On the contrary, her Imperial Majesty expressly demands, that this pious duty shall by no means be neglected. She herself sent me hither, to lead the

Duchess of Parma immediately to the coffin of her sister."

"Appeal to the Emperor," whispered Pauline; "but what can be expected from his will? No—there is no hope there. But throw yourself at the feet of your mother, I conjure you."

"I have just now seen her," answered the Duchess, with an expression of the deepest distress. Pauline hid her face with both hands.

"I wait," said the priest, "the pleasure of your Imperial Highness, to follow me to the chapel."

Josephine rose to obey.

"I will accompany you," said Pauline, "something might happen to you in the night—"

"Your Imperial Highness must watch alone," answered the confessor decidedly. "Besides, such is the custom."

Martini was still speaking, when a child rushed into the apartment of the Archduchess, and hastened up to embrace her.

"Dear sister, thou wilt leave us perhaps for ever. You must give me twice as many kisses as you usually do."

"Good Maria, thou hast no sorrows; thou wilt sleep quietly to-night."

"Thou wilt perhaps not sleep so quietly, but wilt be happy. To-morrow, and I shall never see thee again."

"To-morrow, O God!—" At these words a torrent of tears rolled down the cheeks of the Archduchess.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the child.

"Why dost thou weep? They told me that thou wast going to reign."

"Good child, may Heaven spare thee such nuptials."

The little girl mingled her tears with those of her sister.

The Duchess repaired to the vault. Her ladies followed her to the door. When it was opened, they perceived that its damp darkness, was changed into a faint twilight by the light of a single taper. Josephine turned around, pressed the weeping Pauline in her arms, and entered the chapel. Her ladies saw her kneeling at the foot of the altar, when the door was slowly closed and locked.

Pauline was obliged to wait until the sitting of the Council Chamber had ended, to inform the Emperor that his favorite daughter was passing the night in an offensive vault, by the corpse of a sister, who had died with an infectious disease. More than half of the night was already gone—

The Emperor hastened himself to the chapel. He found the Archduchess, just in the very spot in which they had left her kneeling before the altar, and her head bowed as if in prayer; her body seemed shrunk, and her arms rested on the marble slab. Her father spoke to her. No answer. He raised her—She was dead!

fault; but if any person had been passing by the coasting hill the next day, and had looked at the different boys there, they would have seen Bob Stevens and John Holmes enjoying more than one ride a piece on Charles's new sled, "Reindeer."--*Youth's Friend*.

THE NURSERY.

THE NEW SLED.

Charles. Father, did Mr. Jones say my new sled would be done soon?

Father. Yes; to-morrow-afternoon.

C. Good! then I'll pay Bob Stephens and John Homes.

F. How is that? do you owe them any thing?

C. No, sir, that's what I don't; but they are the meanest boys in the whole school. They have each got an old sled, with the paint all worn off, and they are so selfish they would not let me coast on their sleds scarcely any. But let them wait till my beautiful "Reindeer" comes, and then it will be, "Charley, give us a slide on the new sled; that's a good fellow;" and Bob will say, "Come, Charley, change sleds a while, and let me try the Reindeer;" but that's the time I shall say, "Not so fast, boys, you don't get the Reindeer so easy; you liked your own sleds so much yesterday, you can keep to them to-day."

F. What kind of boys did you say they are, Charles?

C. Real mean boys, father, I think.

F. And why do you charge them with such conduct?

C. Because they would not let me slide but a few times the whole afternoon.

F. And so you are not going to let them slide any, not even a few times; and this is to teach them a lesson of generosity!

C. Well, father, it will serve them just right; it will be good for them. Do you think, when they behave so, they have any right to expect I would serve them any better than they did me?

F. Probably not; it is not that you should serve them any better, but your plan is not to serve them as well. You put me in mind of the man who bought a wheelbarrow, after having used a borrowed one for a long time; and then said to his neighbors, now that he had a new one of his own, he did not mean to borrow or lend.

C. But, father, would you have me treat these boys as if they were not selfish?

F. Yes, my son; I would be most happy to think that you possessed that spirit which would lead you "to do unto others as you would that they should do unto you;" for says our Saviour, "If ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great; and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil."

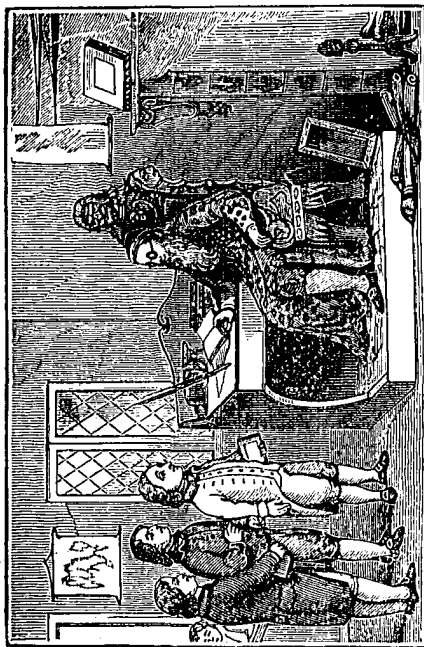
Charles held down his head and looked as if he felt that he was in error. He did not say any thing, for he was a proud-spirited boy, and such boys are not quite willing to own themselves in

THE OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL.

Famous Old People

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pg. 5



THE OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL.

Now imagine yourselves, my children, in Master Ezekiel Cheever's school-room. It is a large, dingy room, with a sanded floor, and is lighted by windows that turn on hinges, and have little diamond shaped panes of glass. The scholars sit on long benches, with desks before them. At one end of the room is a great fire-place, so very spacious, that there is room enough for three or four boys to stand in each of the chimney corners. This was the good old fashion of fire places, when there was wood enough in the forests to keep people warm, without their digging into the bowels of the earth for coal.

It is a winter's day when we take our peep into the school-room. See what great logs of wood have been rolled into the fire-place, and what a broad, bright blaze goes leaping up the chimney! And every few moments, a vast cloud of smoke is puffed into the room, which sails slowly over the heads of the scholars, until it gradually settles upon the walls and ceiling. They are blackened with the smoke of many years, already.

Next, look at our old historic chair! It is placed, you perceive, in the most comfortable part of the room, where the generous glow of the fire is sufficiently felt, without being too intensely hot. How stately the old chair looks, as if it remembered its many famous occupants, but yet were conscious that a greater man is sitting in it now! Do you see the venerable school-master, severe in aspect, with a black skull-cap on his head, like an ancient Puritan, and the snow of his white beard drifting down to his very girdle? What boy would dare to play, or whisper, or even glance aside from his book, while Master Cheever is on the look-out, behind his spectacles! For such offenders, if any such there be, a rod of birch is hanging over the fire-

place, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

And now school is begun. What a murmur of multitudinous tongues, like the whispering leaves of a wind-stirred oak, as the scholars con over their various tasks! Buz, buz, buz! Amid just such a murmur has Master Cheever spent above sixty years; and long habit has made it as pleasant to him as the hum of a bee-hive, when the insects are busy in the sunshine.

Now a class in Latin is called to recite. Forth steps a row of queer-looking little fellows, wearing square-skirted coats, and small clothes, with buttons at the knee. They look like so many grandfathers in their second childhood. These lads are to be sent to Cambridge, and educated for the learned professions. Old Master Cheever has lived so long, and seen so many generations of school boys grow up to be men, that now he can almost prophesy what sort of a man each boy will be. One urchin shall hereafter be a doctor, and administer pills and potions, and stalk gravely through life, perfumed with assa-fetida. Another shall wrangle at the bar, and fight his way to wealth and honors, and, in his declining age, shall be a worshipful member of his Majesty's council. A third—and he is the Master's favorite—shall be a worthy successor to the old Puritan ministers, now in their graves; he shall preach with great unction and effect, and leave volumes of sermons, in print and manuscript, for the benefit of future generations.

But, as they are merely school-boys now, their business is to construe Virgil. Poor Virgil, whose verses, which he took so much pains to polish, have been mis-scanned, and mis-parsed, and mis-interpreted, by so many generations of idle school-boys! There, sit down, ye Latinists. Two or three of you, I fear, are doomed to feel the master's ferule.

Next comes a class in Arithmetic. These boys are to be the merchants, shop-keepers, and mechanics, of a future period. Hitherto, they have traded only in marbles and apples. Hereafter, some will send vessels to England for broadcloths and all sorts of manufactured wares, and to the West Indies for sugar, and rum, and coffee. Others will stand behind counters, and measure tape, and ribbon, and cambric, by the yard. Others will upheave the blacksmith's hammer, or drive the plane over the carpenter's bench, or take the lapstone and the awl, and learn the trade of shoe-making. Many will follow the sea, and become bold, rough sea-captains.

This class of boys, in short, must supply the world with those active, skillful hands, and clear, sagacious heads, without which the affairs of life would be thrown into confusion, by the theories of studious and visionary men. Wherefore, teach them their multiplication table, good Master Cheever, and whip them well, when they deserve it; for much of the country's welfare depends on these boys.

But, alas! while we have been thinking of other matters, Master Cheever's watchful eye has caught two boys at play. Now we shall see awful times! The two malefactors are summoned before the master's chair, wherein he sits, with

the terror of a judge upon his brow. Our old chair is now a judgment seat. Ah, Master Cheever has taken down that terrible birch-rod! Short is the trial—the sentence quickly passed!—and now the judge prepares to execute it in person. Thwack! thwack! thwack! In those good old times, a schoolmaster's blows were well laid on.

See! the birch-rod has lost several of its twigs, and will hardly serve for another execution. Mercy on us, what a bellowing the urchins make! My ears are almost deafened, though the clamor comes through the far length of a hundred and fifty years. There, go to your seats, poor boys; and do not cry, sweet little Alice; for they have ceased to feel the pain a long time since.

And thus the forenoon passes away. Now it is twelve o'clock. The master looks at his great silver watch, and then, with tiresome deliberation, puts the ferule into his desk. The little multitude await the word of dismissal, with almost irrepressible impatience.

"You are dismissed," says Master Cheever.

The boys retire, treading softly until they have passed the threshold; but, fairly out of the school-room, lo, what a joyous shout!—what a scampering and trampling of feet!—what a sense of recovered freedom, expressed in the merry uproar of all their voices! What care they for the ferule and birch-rod now? Were boys created merely to study Latin and Arithmetic? No; the better purposes of their being are to sport, to leap, to run, to shout, to slide upon the ice, to snow-ball!

Happy boys! Enjoy your play-time now, and come again to study, and to feel the birch rod and the ferule, to-morrow; not till to-morrow, for to-day is Thursday lecture; and ever since the settlement of Massachusetts, there has been no school on Thursday afternoons. Therefore, sport, boys, while you may; for the morrow cometh, with the birch-rod and the ferule; and after that, another morrow, with troubles of its own.

Now, the master has set every thing to rights, and is ready to go home to dinner. Yet he goes reluctantly. The old man has spent so much of his life in the smoky, noisy, buzzing school-room, that, when he has a holiday, he feels as if his place were lost, and himself a stranger in the world. But, forth he goes; and there stands our old chair, vacant and solitary, till good Master Cheever resumes his seat in it to-morrow morning.—*Famous Old People.*

THE OLD STANDARDS OF BUCKLESBURY.

PLEASANT old Bucklesbury! Can I ever forget the happy hours I have spent in thee? Favorite resort of schoolboys in their August holidays, here were my happiest vacations passed. When I first knew Bucklesbury, it was a place of some five or six hundred inhabitants, none of them very rich, none very poor. Each of its indwellers was known to all, and a sociability that sprung from the heart, united them in the bonds of neighborly kindness. Their dwellings were not closely packed together as I have seen in some villages which ape the style and appearance of cities, but, generally speaking, each house stood alone, environed by its well kept garden, abounding in flowers. There was no scarcity of fine old shade trees in its highways and byways.

It is now many years since I spent an August there, and most whom I loved therein have been carried to their resting-places in the church-yard; but I love to think of them, and would pay the tribute of a few lines to their memory. It is pleasant to me to remember "the old standards," as the members of the oldest families in the place were called by uncle Bob, the negro barber, waiter and fiddler, himself, perhaps, the oldest inhabitant. Bob knew the dates of all the births, marriages and deaths that had occurred in Bucklesbury for sixty years. He was the standing chronicle and universal referee in all matters of village chronology; the decision of the relative importance of modern fires and floods, snow-storms and hail-storms was of course his privilege as the "oldest inhabitant," whose memory as to such matters is always considered unquestionable, by way of exception to the usually received opinion that the memory grows weak with age. In matters of pedigree, I think Bob was worth a whole college of heralds. To all, gentle and simple, Bob was invariably civil, but *the old standards*, the representatives of those families in which he had lived in his youthful days were the chosen objects of his mingled love and reverence. Of nothing was he fonder of discoursing than of the old standards, except, perhaps, the eventful occurrence of his holding General Washington's horse for ten minutes. A stranger could not be long in Bob's company without hearing of that horse-holding, or of the old standards of Bucklesbury, perhaps of both.

In the largest house in the main street lived Major Lane, an especial favorite of mine. A widower without children, he loved to have us boys about him, and his house and grounds were freely open to us. He had served through the Revolution with much credit, and returned to "the dull pursuits of civic life" with a fortune somewhat impaired, but a constitution as vigorous as ever. How he loved to speak, and how we loved to

hear of Brandywine, Trenton, and Monmouth battles, in all of which he had done good service as a captain of cavalry! It was a great day with him when he could gather thirty or forty boys about him in his grounds and drill us. The carpenter had made for him, in a rough way, three or four dozen wooden guns, and having armed us with these, the Major would go through his engagements in miniature, it being first settled by lot who should personate, for the time being, the British or the more odious Hessians. How gloriously we marched and countermarched, charged and retreated. The only drawback to our sport was that the boys who played King George's men would sometimes become so interested as to be harder to defeat than was considered proper. Our old friend stood upon a little eminence, peeling forth his orders in that magnificent voice of his—"Advance light infantry!" "Hessians fall back," "Forward Riflemen," and so on.

In front of his door the Major had planted a battery, two small brass cannons, one-pounders, I believe. These we were sometimes allowed to drag about and pretend to fire, our mothers having strictly prohibited the use of gunpowder in our engagements. Twice a year the Major discharged them himself—on the Fourth of July and the Twenty-Second of February, whose return was duly announced to the village by a Federal salute at sunrise, and a National salute at noon from the Major's pieces. I was told that on these anniversaries, the Major was in high glee, wearing his old continentals well brushed, and having his hair doubly powdered and his queue arranged with unusual pains for the occasion. A supper for a large party of his friends usually closed the day. On the Fourth of July his door posts were hidden with wreaths and garlands, and they who had no flowers of their own raising for the adornment of their houses, which was then a general custom in the village on that day, were very welcome to Major Lee's garden. Perhaps there is more noise now in Bucklesbury on "the glorious Fourth," but I may doubt if there is as much real enjoyment or so heartfelt a veneration for the day and the men who made it memorable as in the times of which I am speaking.

Miss Susan Slocum, who resided across the way from the Major's, was another of the old standards. A maiden lady of between forty and fifty—uncle Bob, who was a great admirer of her, never thought it right to be more particular—with much of this world's wealth at her disposal, her house was the abode of hospitality and kindness. The best society in the place was here to be met with; I have spent many happy evenings there. Yet with most of the boys, her domain was not so desirable a resort, for she was very particular in her injunctions as to our deportment on her premises, not allowing us to pluck a fruit or flower without express permission, a restraint ill suited to a boy's idea of liberty.

It was a matter of much wonderment to us youngsters that Miss Susan had never married, for she had the remains of considerable beauty, was affluent in her circumstances, and setting aside a few peculiarities more of manner than of temper, was a very amiable woman. Her contemporaries told us that she had been hard to please, had refused several offers, and I have an indistinct recollection that uncle Bob said something to me of a young man lost at sea. She had a very compassionate heart, and one of her greatest delights was the getting up of benevolent societies, of which she was either President, Secretary or Treasurer. Bucklesbury, however, afforded but a narrow field for the exercise of her genius in this particular. Every body being able to set a joint of meat on table, her soup house languished for want of customers; and a barefooted child in winter being a thing unknown, the stock of thick stockings and stout boots, which formed the capital of her Provident Society, was some years in going off. Excepting some domestic medicines of her own compounding, the recipes for which she kept secret, her supplies for the poor were generally unclaimed dividends. It was thought at one time that she and our friend the Major were about to make a match of it. This she stoutly denied, declaring that a man so fond of military amusements would never suit her. His cannonades were her especial aversion. Perhaps those little brass field pieces prevented her becoming Mrs. Lane. Greater trifles have produced greater results.

Tom Hardwicke was a nephew of Miss Susan's, and generally looked upon as the destined heir of her possessions, a supposition which, perhaps, led to his being brought to lead a life of genteel uselessness. When I first knew Tom he had lost both parents, and spent his time living about among his relations. His own possessions were small, and it was amazing how well he got along upon so little money. His mother, his last surviving parent, had been a great favorite in the place, and the orphan boy if he received little else, fell heir, on her death, to the good will of the community. The shopkeepers let him have every thing at cost, and sometimes at a little under. He was a good horseman, and no contemptible sportsman. Under his tutorship I took my first lesson in angling in Bluebird creek, which skirted the village. No kinder hearted creature than Tom ever lived, and he was of great assistance to his aunt in her benevolent enterprises. It was a fortunate thing for any one with a broken arm or leg to fall under his notice. He had the first news of the existence of the varioloid, and had re-vaccinated half the people in the place before the physicians heard of it. Though no student, Tom read much, though with little system. He played a little on the flute, and had his head well stored with old ballads, with which, in an uncultivated but musical voice, he sometimes favored his friends. Poor

Tom! he has been dead for many years, but there are hearts yet beating that cherish his memory.

I passed three days in Bucklesbury, during this past summer. I went to spend a month, but the change in every thing was too painfully great to bear. Twenty years make most perceptible alterations in a small place. The town contains three thousand people, but the spirit of love and cordial sociability has diminished in greater proportion. The society is cut up into three or four circles, which never touch not even in a point. The two congregations have split and re-split, and though there are now six churches, not one of them is half full, and it takes less than two years to starve out every clergyman that settles among them. Somebody invented a new religion there the summer before last, but what its tenets are I was unable exactly to ascertain. They have got a bank at one end of the town, and a poor house at the other. The place seemed close and crowded, and I detected an aping of city manners most disagreeable. "The old familiar faces" had nearly all disappeared, and the second and third generations of those whom I had loved looked coldly on me. I strolled out of town toward my old fishing ground, hoping to find nature, at least, unchanged. Oh nymphs and hamadryads! they had dammed up the creek and built a paper-mill. Three days, as I have said, were the limit of my visit. The pleasure I had anticipated was not realized, and I left the town resolved to see it no more. The Bucklesbury I loved shall live forever in my memory; as for this modern town which calls itself by its name, is an impostor. Slowly walked the stage horses up the hill to the point where the first view of the town is seen by those arriving by the northern road. In old times I had anticipated that view with delight, but now I turned not to take a last-view. It was my own dear old Bucklesbury no longer. • •



PAUL'S PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE FROM THE LION.

THE
PERILS OF PAUL PERCIVAL;*

OR,

The Young Adventurer.

BY REV. J. YOUNG, M.A.

CHAPTER VII.

"Slow came the morning light,
And with it came fresh fears;
While many a painful sight
Brought floods of scalding tears.

* * * * *

And now glad notes of joy
Take up the place of grief;
Armed chiefs their skill employ,
And kindly give relief."

METRICAL TALES.

THERE is a painful sensation in suspense, frequently far exceeding the misery which would be felt by the endurance of the thing dreaded; true it is, that

"A thousand deaths are suffered oft
By those who fear but one."

So felt the miserable wretches who still clinged to the remainder of the wrecked ship, during the weary hours which elapsed from the time she struck the shore, until a hope of deliverance was obtained by them.

In the meantime, Paul and those who had made good their landing were placed as comfortably as under existing circumstances they could have possibly expected. The reasoning their companions in peril had resorted to, although perfectly natural, were the opposite to correct. Not only had they not been massacred, nor any kind of harm been done them, but every service that could be rendered had

* Continued from page 120.

been afforded by those rude but simple and inoffensive children of nature.

The sight of a ship nearing their shores appears to have surprised and pleased them; but when they perceived that those who came in her were distressed and in danger, they displayed every possible anxiety to relieve them. No sooner had Paul landed, than, as has been seen, he was carried by them to their principal enclosure behind the sand-hills; this was considered a place of honor, and formed a rude square, along each angle of which ran their simple dwellings. Having reached this place, they treated Paul with particular attention, administering to his necessities as far as they were able, and when they perceived that their efforts to benefit were successful, their gratification was excessive.

A scene of rustic festivity followed, in which dancing and singing formed a chief part. Their drinking was but moderate, and what they took did not appear to possess intoxicating properties. The whole of their exercises appeared to be performed for the purpose of giving pleasure to their guests. Paul made signs to them to go and endeavor to save some others of his unfortunate companions, and a detachment was immediately sent to the seashore, when, as another party was thrown on the beach, they conducted them as they had done Paul, behind the sand-banks.

It now became evident to Paul that no harm was intended to any of them by the natives, and therefore, banishing all fear on that head, he attempted to enter into their amusements with spirit, as he judged that would be the best way to retain their favor. He did not, however, forget those who still

clung to the wreck as soon as his own circumstances were improved. No; he used all the means he could devise to induce his new friends to send help to his old ones. In this, however, he did not succeed to the extent he desired, although, ultimately, he was rendered the instrument of considerable advantage to them.

The whole night was spent in a scene of joyous festivity, and Paul was acknowledged as the presiding genius of the fête. At length, one after another of the natives sank down in sleep, and at the end, the whole encampment lay stretched on the ground—

"Each one like a warrior taking his rest,
With his war-skin folded around him."

The gray dawn of the morning appeared to those on the wreck as if it would never come. With anxious emotions, such as those alone can understand who have been similarly circumstanced, they continued to look out for the light of day: at length it came, and with it an additional weight of misery. Their eyes with a fixed gaze were turned toward the shore, in hopes of gaining a sight of some of their fellows, but none were discovered; not an individual was to be seen. Distress now grew out of distress, and black despair appeared to be the only fruit which would result from such a connection. Distraction was visible in every countenance, and the chief consideration now was, which would be the most preferable death to choose: starvation, drowning, or being murdered by the savage islanders, as they fully believed those that they had seen to be.

While thus deliberating, and all but crushed beneath the weight of their sorrows, a sudden scene of joy opened to their view which was almost as fatal in its results. A delirium of ecstasy succeeded, which no pencil can portray, and which no being can conceive save those who witnessed it. The whole of the people who had landed the day before, headed by Paul, stood on the beach, and by expressive signs were urging and encouraging them to hasten on shore.

A few seconds only were allowed to elapse before every spar, grating, and piece of timber that could be procured, or article that was deemed capable of sustaining the weight of a man in the water, was afloat, and completely occupied; some with two people, and some with more, according to its size.

The last man who quitted the wreck, was its late gallant commander. Having seen all his men making for the shore, he stripped off his shirt, and put on a short jacket, and then having wound a shawl

round his waist, he seized a spar, and launched into the sea.

For nearly three-quarters of an hour, he preserved his hold, and drifted toward the shore. Sometimes he was carried so near as to touch the rocks with his feet, and then was hurried back a considerable distance; again he was precipitated forward, and the next moment dashed as far off in the sea by a returning wave. At length a sudden pitch, occasioned by the swell, strained both his arms, and he was compelled to quit the spar; at this instant, although a considerable distance from the beach, a wave that was proceeding rapidly toward the shore bore him along, and in a few minutes cast him senseless on the sand.

Paul, whose eye had long been fixed upon the captain's condition, calling to his assistance some of the men, ran down to where he lay, and snatching him from the danger of the coming waves, bore him to a place of safety. For a short time he was insensible; but on being placed near the fire, and rubbing him with the palms of their hands, he recovered. A general muster now took place, when the satisfaction was afforded them of finding that the whole had safely reached the shore, excepting one man, and those who still were in the long-boat.

The captain now felt a desire to converse with the natives, but the difficulty of neither understanding or being understood prevented that pleasure for a time. Paul had established himself among the islanders as a general favorite, and by his means, it was ascertained that a Hottentot who had lived with some Dutch farmers was attached to the party, although then absent; shortly after he returned, and as the third mate chanced to be a Dutchman, the Hottentot and the mate served as interpreters.

This important difficulty being removed, the captain endeavored by every means in his power to secure the friendship of the natives. He thanked them in the name of his whole crew, and on the part of his nation, for the liberal and humane assistance they had afforded them in the hour of their misfortune, and solicited their future kindness and support.

It was soon ascertained that the place at which they were was no great distance from the spot where the Grosvenor was lost in 1782; this circumstance produced a sympathetic feeling in the minds of the present sufferers. The captain, with Paul and the mate, attended by the interpreter, soon after ascended one of the sand-hills, from which elevation the Hottentot pointed out the place where it was reported the Grosvenor was wrecked: on returning to the natives, a number of questions were asked, to find out, if possible, if any information which tradition had retained among them could be obtained, relative to that melancholy event. Respecting the fate of Captain Coxson, who commanded the Grosvenor, and who was proceeding on his way to the Cape with several men and women passengers, they appeared familiar, as they at once said that Captain Coxson and the men were slain: "This," they said, "was occasioned by the captain and his men, who were armed, resisting a chief who insisted on taking two of the white ladies to his kraal." "At that time," said the natives, "our nation was at war with the colonists, and had the captain and his armed men reached the Christian farms, they would most likely have assisted the Colonists to carry on the war; but now," they continued, "we

are friends, and it will be their own fault if we are not always so."

This piece of information relieved the shipwrecked crew from considerable alarm, yet still the fate of the unfortunate ladies affected them considerably, and the captain ventured to inquire if they were aware of what had become of them; to this the chief speaker replied with apparent unconcern, "One of the ladies died a short time after they had reached the kraal, but the other they understood survived, and had a large family, but what had become of them they did not know."

It was judged that inquiries of this kind might possibly be of service to them hereafter; at the same time the intercourse with the natives seemed to please them, while the seamen enjoyed, during the time, the rest they required.

About noon the whole of the ship's crew proceeded to the wreck, the wind and waves having considerably abated, and the way of approach to it being comparatively easy. The moment a piece of timber was got on shore, in which a piece of iron was discovered, the natives placed it on the fire, as the readiest, if not the only method they knew of procuring it, and which they sought after with persevering diligence.

As soon as the night came on, the natives retired, and the seamen were left to sleep under the sand-hills, without covering, and without food. The weather was boisterous; a strong wind blew from the eastward, and the cold was severe. A consultation was held in what manner they should dispose of themselves until the morning; and they at length resolved that some of them should keep watch during the night, and the rest place themselves near the fire, and, if possible, obtain a little rest.

The night passed without any of the unfortunate sufferers enjoying a moment's repose. Their bodies on one side were heated with the fire, while the cold chilled the other in such a manner as to render the pain scarcely supportable. The sand being driven by the winds in prodigious quantities, filled their eyes, ears, and mouths, as they lay under the banks, and kept them in perpetual motion; they were likewise annoyed by apprehensions respecting the natives.

At length day appeared, and the Caffres returned in great numbers. The chiefs knowing they were in want of food, brought a bullock, which they immediately slaughtered by striking the animal on the head with clubs, and piercing its sides with spears. It was skinned almost in a moment, and they proceeded to cut it up in lumps, which they placed on the fire to singe rather than roast, and then devoured their respective shares with the highest satisfaction. The beast, as it was given to the famished crew, it might be supposed would be left for their disposal, but the Caffres were not learned in the etiquette of European nations, and besides which, being very hungry themselves, they attended to the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" without wishing to seem to go beyond it, by appearing to love them better.

On cutting up the animal it was observed they paid a particular attention to the paunch. This to them, perhaps, was as favorite a part as is the "parson's nose" to an English epicure. Several of the Caffres laid violent hands on it, and after they had shaken it for the purpose of emptying the con-

tents, they, without further ceremony, tore the greater part of it into strips with their teeth, and swallowed it thus, as it came reeking from the beast.

Their meal, such as it was, being finished, part of the crew proceeded to the shore to make observations, and they soon discovered the long-boat, but at a considerable distance out at sea. The ship was dividing very fast, and the gale had increased considerably; many things were therefore cast on shore, which the natives displayed the utmost activity and anxiety in securing.

Paul had strolled to some distance along the shore, meditating on his singular reverses of fortune, and occasionally he felt a silent tear stealing down his cheek, while he thought of the sorrow which his beloved mother would feel when the news of the loss of the ship reached home. Of his own fate, so far as referred to himself exclusively, he experienced little concern; he even indulged an indefinite assurance that he should yet be delivered—*how*, he could not conceive; but his *mother's* blessing continued even now to sound in his ears, and forbade him to despair.

As the young adventurer sauntered back, he perceived that a large cask had been thrown upon the beach. He examined it, and found it to be filled with rum, and containing not less than sixty gallons. This considerably excited Paul's alarm, as such a quantity was sufficient to intoxicate the whole body of natives, although they amounted to at least three hundred. The consequences of such an event he justly dreaded. The only way to prevent it, was to steal to the spot with a proper instrument, and stave in the head as it lay. The purpose required great caution, for even the sailors would oppose such a measure, and if both they and the natives were to drink of it, quarrelling and bloodshed would without much doubt follow. Thus impressed, Paul took the requisite precautions, and succeeded in doing his work without being discovered.

In the general search on the shore, one of the natives had picked up a compass belonging to the ship. Not knowing what it was, yet pleased with its formation, he delivered it to the chief, who immediately took it to pieces, and after contemplating the various parts, selected the coppering in which, for an ornament, it hung, and suspended it from his neck. He appeared highly pleased with the distinguishing badge, and this circumstance induced the captain to present him with one still more glittering, and of course in his estimation more valuable; and then recollecting that he had in his possession a pair of paste knee-buckle, he gave them to the chief, who hung one upon each of his ears.

The moment this was done, the chief stalked about with an air of uncommon dignity. His people seemed to pay him greater reverence than before, and for a considerable time they were employed in gazing at the brilliancy of the ornaments, and contemplating with apparent admiration the august deportment of their chief magistrate.

Toward the close of the day the captain again addressed the chief on the subject of their departure. He requested a guide might be sent with them through the deserts to the first Christian settlement, and engaged that nothing should be wanting on his part to recompense his kindness.

The Caffre paused for a moment, as if deliberating

what reply he should make, and then very coolly replied,

"I will gratify your wishes," and again became silent.

"Will you add to your kindness," inquired the captain, "by naming some particular time when we shall be permitted to commence our journey?"

Again the chief assumed an air of importance, and applying the fore finger of his right hand to his forehead, appeared as if thinking; at length he replied, with considerable gravity of tone, "When I consider that matter, you shall be made acquainted with my determination."

"Will it not be convenient now?" urged the captain, "to mention some probable time, in order that we may make such preparation as we are able for our long march?"

"I have spoken," replied the native; and resumed his mysterious silence.

The answers of the chief, and the way in which they were given, very naturally alarmed the unfortunate sufferers. The countenance of the native appeared to discover some hostile measure that was lurking in his mind; and yet his former conduct had been so liberal and humane, that they had no just grounds for suspecting his integrity. Every trivial circumstance, to men situated as they were, would seem to posses

"confirmation strong as Holy Writ."

That which at any other time would have been allowed to pass by without notice, now attracted the whole attention of the crew and nourished their worst fears. At this time the natives were seen consulting together in parties, and from their gestures every thing unfavorable was construed. As soon as the day drew toward a close the natives departed, leaving the crew, as before, to sleep under the sand-hills.

The fire was recruited with some timber from the wreck, and sentinels were placed round it, as on the preceding night. The wind continued to blow hard from the same quarter, and they were again tormented with clouds of sand and a chilling atmosphere. June being one of their winter months, the seamen had to encounter the severities of the season. It was impossible to change their quarters, as they could not procure wood to light new fires, and the Caffres, in all probability, would take offence if they did not remain in their present situation until they had received their permission to leave it.

Another long night passed in consultations and gloomy predictions. The captain advised his people not to perform any act that might have the least tendency to displease the natives, and to give them every thing they appeared to desire, as the inhabitants of these deserts are greatly to be dreaded when once provoked. But at the same time, if, contrary to their expectation, they made an attack, or endeavored to detain them after a certain time, then he hoped they would firmly unite, and either force their way, or perish in the conflict.

With the first appearance of the sun, the sorrowing crew arose from their cheerless resting-place. Their anxiety concerning the long-boat had become excessive, and their first business was to ascend the most elevated of the sand-hills to look out for her; but their search was in vain, she was no where to be seen in any direction, and their spirits sank afresh within them.

In a short time they perceived the Caffres advancing toward them. Most of the natives were armed with assagays, as if a warlike expedition had commenced; others were furnished with huge clubs, some were fancifully decorated with ostrich-feathers, while the chief wore a handsome leopard's skin, in the form of a mantle, with the captain's knee-buckles suspended as before.

They saluted the crew in the most friendly manner, and were accompanied by them to the beach, where for a considerable time each party continued to gaze on the remains of the wreck, although with essentially different feelings. The wind had increase during the night, and several parts of the ship came on shore. One of the seamen had picked up a handsaw, and as he saw the natives were particularly desirous to procure iron, he prudently hid it in the sand. This proved a most valuable acquisition, and became of infinite service to them in the course of their future proceedings.

Having secured all they could procure from the wreck, the captain requested the chief to order some of his people to display their skill in the use of the assagays. This is a spear of about four feet six inches in length, made of elastic wood, and pointed with iron, which the natives contrive to poison so effectually, that if it wounds either man or beast, death is the certain consequence.

The wish which the captain had expressed was immediately gratified. The natives first placed a block of wood on the ground, and then retired about seventy yards from the spot where it lay; the chief then said they should now behold their manner of fighting when engaged in battle. A party of about thirty commenced their manœuvring: they first ran to a considerable distance, then fell, as if motionless, on the ground; in a moment they started up, divided, joined again, and ran in a compact body to the spot from which they originally set out. After halting for about a minute, they let fly a shower of assagays at the mark, and with a precision that was truly astonishing, pierced the object of their fire.

The cheerful compliance of the chief with the captain's request tended to remove a portion of the suspicion, and consequently of the alarm, which the crew had before experienced; still not a word passed during the whole day respecting the permitted departure of the people. At the approach of night, the natives left the sand-hills as usual: all were again employed to gather wood, and after procuring a sufficient quantity, they stretched themselves on the ground, and in spite of the wind, sand, and cold, slept until the morning. When day appeared, all were again employed looking out for the long-boat, but she was no where to be seen, nor did they ever hear of her again.

On this day the natives did not make their appearance until the sun had proceeded full two hours in his course. Little now remained of the wreck, and the captain once more besought the chief to appoint a guide for himself and crew, as he purposed taking his departure on the next day.

Again the native assumed one of his important attitudes, and with the gravity which became his dignity, answered:

"I shall furnish you with two, as I wish you safe on your way."

These joyous tidings were delivered with apparent

frankness, and the whole party was at once relieved from further apprehension and suspicion.

A strong desire naturally existed to have the Hottentot for a guide through the desert, who had served as interpreter; the chief was therefore given to understand how greatly the services of that man would contribute to their pleasure, as how much it would promote their comfort and safety: in this particular, the considerate native had anticipated their wishes, having already appointed the Hottentot to the service, with directions to proceed with the captain and his men as far as the first Christian farm; another of the tribe, who was better acquainted with the country, had likewise been instructed to attend the party; and on this information being communicated to the crew, such a degree of joy and satisfaction was diffused throughout the whole party, that some danced, some laughed, and others wept.

Once more the captain stood forward, and assured the chief and the Caffres of their gratitude and unalterable friendship, and engaged that the guides should be rewarded for their service to the extent of their wishes. Paul, who was still in high favor with the natives, approached the chief, and taking his hand familiarly pressed it to his heart: the chief seemed to understand the expressive token of affection, for he instantly returned the salute, while a tear of sensibility was seen standing in his eagle eye.

"I have one more favor to ask," observed Paul, as he still held the hand of the native, "for myself and friends."

"Name it," exclaimed the chief, through his interpreter, "and it shall be granted."

"We are in want of water," returned Paul; "will you direct us to where we can obtain some?"

"I will conduct you to an excellent spring of water," he replied: "it is not far distant: if you think proper, we will proceed at once to the spot; it is in your way."

The proposal was no sooner made than the entire encampment was in motion. The natives led the way with singing and dancing, and the shipwrecked sailors, headed by the captain and Paul, followed,

"Though not from all suspicion free,
Yet glad and light at heart."

CHAPTER VIII.

Now through a country, rich as Eden's groves,
E'er sin's foul touch had spoiled the fairy scene,
They wandered forth. Above and all around
Gushed streams of loveliness that charmed each sense.

The broad-arched sky glowed bright in lovely blue;
The earth, as if enamelled with rich green,
Or carpeted with flowers of every hue,
Appeared to court the nymphed's tender tread;
While spice-tree blossoms threw their scents around,
And rendered fragrant ev'ry breath of heaven:

PAUL and his companions had now fairly started on their inland journey: the last farewell look had been taken of the remains of their gallant ship, as if the relics of a beloved friend lay before them, and on many a sea-beaten face a tear might have been discovered, as the seamen turned away from the hull of their craft. The passage of the travellers lay through a country beautiful and dangerous. Its natural productions were sufficient to have engaged the most romantic lover of nature in her most grand and fanciful forms, while its dangers

both from man and beast, were enough to have alarmed the most courageous.

Had it been possible for Paul, and those who journeyed with him, to have conceived even of what they had to encounter, it is more than probable they would have sunk beneath the sight, without entering upon the fatigues and difficulties of the undertaking. Infinite Wisdom, however, has mercifully concealed the future from mortal sight, and in that blissful state of ignorance the young adventurer and his wretched associates went forward.

After travelling westward about four miles through a delightful country, they came at length to a wood, in the bosom of which was discovered a hollow. Into this deep dell the Caffres descended first, and when they arrived at the bottom, the chief turned to Paul and his friends, and pointing to the crystal stream, observed—

“There is the water I promised; drink of it freely, and be refreshed.”

The thirsty party needed not a second invitation; they immediately drew from the brook and drank, and found the sober beverage cool and delicious. As soon as they had allayed their thirst, they looked about them, and on observing the dismal appearance of the place, their suspicions were again powerfully excited. One opinion appeared at this time to possess the whole crew, and that was nothing less than that the natives intended to execute a long-formed plan, by putting them to death in that gloomy place, and that they had decoyed them hither with that intent.

Each man stood upon the defensive, and made preparations for a stubborn resistance. Paul alone seemed to possess a different opinion; he had noted his character closely, and without hesitation trusted to his honor. He argued the folly of the reasoning of the crew, as if their slaughter had been intended, it could as easily have been accomplished behind the sand-hills as in the present place. After a while he succeeded to calm their fears, and tranquillity was restored.

A pressing invitation was now given on the part of the natives, to the sailors, to remain where they were during the night, which they followed up by their advice to prepare wood for the fires. Having consented to do so, all hands united in the work, and with the aid of the handsaw the seaman had found, they soon procured a quantity of dry trees and brushwood: one of the Hottentots, who was so rich as to possess a tinder-box, struck a light, and this accommodation being not only highly useful, but unexpected, gave new spirits to the whole party.

The natives, as the night came on, did not retire as usual to their kraal: this gave a fresh alarm, which did not appear to be without some just cause: situated as the party then were, they were obliged to wait the event, and therefore prepared for the worst that could happen. The watch was set as formerly, but the Caffres huddling together, were soon asleep. The place was indeed a dismal one; it looked a fit situation in which the superstitious or savage might offer up some human sacrifices to their supposed gods: it nevertheless afforded a tolerable shelter for the night: clouds of sand were no longer troublesome, and the severities of the wind and cold were mitigated by the friendly shade afforded by the trees which grew thickly on the sides of the secluded spot.

As the sun appeared above the mountains, the party were roused by the natives, and they at once departed from the supposed Golgotha in improved spirits. They had, however, consumed the last pound of their bullock before they left the sand-hills, and the party began to be in fear of a famine: Paul mentioned their necessities to the chief, and he at once promised to send them assistance. After journeying a few miles, the Caffres told the travellers they must remain where they were that night: opposition did not appear prudent, and therefore they set to work to procure fire-wood again, and had scarcely completed their employment, when the chief, according to his promise, presented them with another bullock: it was soon dispatched, skinned and cut in pieces of about four pounds each, which they proceeded to dress as provision for their journey: this was a business of much importance, and the greater part of the day was spent in accomplishing it.

The night passed with less apprehension than before, and when the morning came, they prepared for their departure.

The moment now arrived when the real intentions of the Caffres were to be developed. The natives crowded about them, and assisted in dividing the provisions: each man was to carry his own stock, which amounted to about three or four pounds of beef; this, with a few biscuits which some of the people had contrived to save from the wreck, was to serve them until they reached a Christian settlement. So far were the natives from manifesting any symptoms of hostility, that they even appeared to contemplate their departure with regret. Paul took the chief by the hand, and thanked him for his great and friendly attentions to himself and companions, assuring him at the same time, that if he survived the journey, it would be his first consideration to render him and his people some essential service. With much warmth of feeling he acknowledged Paul's promise, and requested him to tell the white people in the colony, that his ship was lost at sea, and so far from the land that no part of her could possibly reach the shore. He also desired that the utmost confidence should be placed in the guides he had supplied, as they would, he was sure, direct them for the best. Some mutual expressions of regret and of acknowledgement now took place between each party; and after giving and receiving the last affectionate adieu, the Caffres returned to their kraal, and Paul and his companions went forward.

The sun had risen some time, and illumined both hill and dale with his radiance, before the travellers resumed their toilsome march on the following day. The guides were discreet and intelligent men, by whose advice the seamen found it proper to be directed. The reason they assigned for not travelling early in the morning was, that the wild beasts constantly rose with the sun, and that they then ranged through the woods and deserts in search of prey; and as the whole party were unarmed, a single lion, leopard, or panther could have destroyed most of them; it was therefore highly important that they should not stir from their resting-place, until these animals had satisfied their hunger, and were retired for the day.

Notwithstanding this necessary and cautious advice, and which the guides gave with so much simplicity, as at once convinced every reasonable per-

son that their intentions were purely the preservation of those they were guiding, there were still some of the people who were so anxious to push on, that the detentions they experienced caused them to be uneasy and to murmur; but the guides were firm, as well as honest men, and nothing could induce them to leave the fires until about nine o'clock, at which time they all proceeded in the best of spirits.

At this time not more than three or four of the party were in possession of shoes, while they had before them a journey of many hundred miles, over unknown countries. They had to ascend mountains of stupendous elevation, penetrate woods, traverse deserts, and ford rivers; yet they were to combat all these difficulties bare-footed, not having been able to preserve above four pairs of shoes, and even these were in a sad condition.

Paul had not complained during all he had passed through; indeed, his naturally buoyant spirits and happy disposition had not only sustained him, but he had been enabled, to a very considerable extent, to cheer others who were older and stronger than himself. Sometimes he amused by his pleasant wit, and by reciting in a peculiar manner his own adventures in Greenland; at other times he sang or danced before the wearied people: he became, in fact, all things to all men, and by these means he had so far won the warm affections of his companions, that not one of them would have hesitated in risking his own life in defence of Paul's.

On the second night of their encampment, Paul's exposure to danger called into exercise the sympathies and exertions of his friends. He had, as he often did, walked some distance from where the party were reposing round their fires: the beautiful scenery of the place, lit up by a moon of resplendent brightness, the clear light of which no little cloud even obstructed, had led him into a train of thought both pensive and pleasing. He thought of home, and of those who were dear to his heart, but who mourned him dead. Then the hope of overcoming his present difficulties, and again enjoying their warm and affectionate embrace, cheered his spirit, and caused him to forget for the moment that he was

“A stranger in a foreign land,
An exile from his native home,
Surrounded by unnumbered foes,
And destined many a day to roam.”

From this waking dream, he was suddenly aroused by the terrifying roar of a lion at a short distance from him. He stood as if petrified with horror: the glaring eyes of the king of the forest now met his own. Paul feared to remain where he was, and yet seemed as if deprived of the power of moving away. After a few minutes, he recovered himself, and commenced sliding toward his companions; and as he did so, he perceived the animal stealing like a cat in the same direction. After proceeding in this perilous situation some time, he gained the vicinity of his friends, when a loud cry, which burst unconsciously from his lips, informed them of his danger. Each man seized a burning brand from the fire, and rushing with the flaming weapons toward the foe, with loud and wild yellings, looked like a company of furies ranging through the wood. The effect was astonishing, the lion roused at once from his couchant position; turned tail and fled, while Paul was received with acclamations of delight by his brave deliverers.

When first the party set off on their journey,

they bore to the westward, for the purpose of obtaining water in the course of their progress. But the guides soon observed that the water near the coast was generally brackish, they therefore advised that they should strike into the interior in search of better, which they accordingly did, and soon found what they were in search of.

The road now was painful to travel; or rather, no road existed: they were obliged to cut or force their way through close and prickly underwood, which galled their persons as they proceeded. Paul's feet were naked, as the most of the people's. One of the men offered him an old pair of shoes from his own feet, but he refused them. His dress was quite unique. He had on a short jacket, while round his loins he had wrapped a table-cloth, which he found on the shore, and a shawl over it, a pair of trowsers, and a hat, each of which had originally belonged to some other persons, but which suited his purpose tolerably well.

They now travelled through a country beautifully variegated with hills, dales, extensive plains, finely watered, but less wooded than the former. The grass was every where of extraordinary height; but in the course they pursued not a human footstep could be traced; no cattle, nor any signs of cultivation could be discovered. They were not interrupted by any beast of prey, although marks of their having been in their path were frequently seen. At length, having travelled about thirty-five miles, they began to feel the want of water.

After having searched for some time, they were so fortunate as to discover, about sunset, a brook that ran near the corner of a wood, and here they determined to rest for the night. They began, therefore, to prepare a sufficient quantity of wood. The fuel was chiefly composed of trees that partook in some degree of the nature of thorn: they cut a good quantity, and arranged the fires. One of the guides struck a light, and the whole in a few minutes was in a blaze. The tinder was of a peculiar description; it consisted of a pitchy substance, extracted from a reed, and so tenacious of fire, that a single spark from the steel caught in an instant. The weather being cold, they resolved to sleep close to each other, but the guides advised them to be on their guard, as the place was known to be infested with leopards, and that if they scented the party nothing could prevent them from destroying some. This intelligence induced them to enlarge their fires, after which they fell into a profound sleep, and remained in perfect security until the morning.

No sooner had the sun peeped above the horizon, than they were all aroused by the tremendous roaring of lions. Never were men in a situation of greater peril or alarm. Their fears, however, subsided as their unwelcome visitors passed off, and did not return. Having congratulated each other on their providential escape, they set out about seven o'clock, and soon arrived at the bank of a deep channel, in which a river had run, but being perfectly dry at the present time, they soon passed over it. At length they reached some islands, from the tops of which they discovered numerous beautiful vales, clothed with long dry grass, several clusters of trees, and in other places forests of considerable extent, skirting mountains of different elevations. In the course of this day they were in great distress for want of water, and lost much time

in seeking after it. At about half an hour before sunset they discovered a small rivulet that ran near the skirt of a forest, and although the water was not good, yet it relieved them from a dreadful situation. During this day they had travelled about thirty miles, and when they halted for the night, they discovered strong evidence of the elephant and the rhinoceros, and finding their situation as dangerous as on the preceding night, they proceeded to enlarge their fires, as the only means of safety they had left, and as before slept soundly and safely.

Shortly after sunrising they again proceeded, and as they were to travel through a wood of considerable extent, the guides cautioned them to be on their guard, as in all probability they would be interrupted by wild animals, which resorted to that place in considerable numbers. Thus advised they went forward, braving all dangers. They indeed escaped savage beasts, but about noon were met by a horde of Caffres, savage almost as the wild beasts of the forest—even their own countrymen distinguished them as a bad tribe. They were first accosted by some Caffre women, who behaved kindly, and gave them two baskets of milk. These baskets were made of twigs, wove so closely together as to hold water.

They had proceeded only a short way before they were stopped by twelve Caffre men, armed with spears, and clothed in leopard-skins. The guides, alarmed at the sight of these savages, fled with haste to the banks of the Great Fish River, which at that time was not more than two hundred yards from the spot where they stood. The travellers repeatedly called on them to return, but in vain; they immediately crossed the bed of the river, which was dry, and having reached the opposite shore, ascended an adjoining mountain with the utmost precipitation. The savages brandished their spears with furious action, and appeared by their gestures to be preparing to destroy the people. They could not understand what they said, but supposing they demanded from them what few articles they possessed, and as these principally consisted of the little stock of provisions and their clothes, they determined not to part with either.

Once again Paul was placed in imminent peril. He had just before been using a knife, which one of the Caffres perceiving, he made a snatch at it, but Paul discovered his intention in time to resist it, and the savage missed his aim. Infuriated to madness by the defeat, he lifted his assagay with the intention of dispatching the object of his resentment.

At the moment he stood in this attitude a more finished picture of horror, or what may be conceived of the infernals, was, perhaps, never seen. Across his broad shoulders he wore a leopard's-skin; his black countenance was daubed with red clay or ochre; his eyes, inflamed with rage, appeared as if starting from their sockets; his mouth expanded, and his teeth gnashing and grinning with all the fury of an exasperated demon. The courageous appearance of Paul seemed to arrest his attention, and divert him from his purpose, and the assagay dropped from his hand. The females now interfered, and after a short altercation the savages retired, and the crew proceeded toward the river in pursuit of their guides, who were standing on the summit of a mountain. When they came up to them they expressed the utmost satisfaction at their

escape. The account they gave of the savages was of the most alarming description, and they assured them that if the remainder of their horde had not been hunting at the time they got to the Fish River, not a man of them would have survived.

Having finished their conversation, they began to descend the mountain and pursue their journey. Scarcely had they put themselves in motion, when a scene of the most extensive and luxuriant beauty burst upon their view. The danger they had just escaped engaged their attention so entirely when they gained the summit, that they did not immediately perceive the world of beauty that now lay spread before them.

All stood for a time in a state of rapture and amazement. The country was mostly level, yet pleasingly diversified with gentle elevations, on the tops of which they could perceive clumps of the mimosa, while the sides were clothed with various shrubs of peculiar loveliness. A thousand rivulets seemed to meander through this second Eden, frequently skirting, or appearing to encircle, a plantation of wood, then suddenly taking a different direction, glided through a plain of considerable extent, until it came to a gentle declivity; here it formed a natural cascade, and then following its course, rolled on in an endless variety of forms throughout the whole of the country.

As they stood gazing on this sylvan scene, they perceived innumerable herds of cattle, particularly of the species of the gazelle, scouring over the plains; some darting through the woods, other feeding on the banks, or drinking at the rivulets. As far as the eye travelled in pursuit of new beauties it was most amply gratified, until at length the whole gradually faded on the view, and became lost in the horizon. They were so rapt in ecstasy at this landscape, that they forgot their danger, and remained too long on the mountain. They at length descended, and proceeded on their journey.

Before the day closed they fixed on a place where they were to repose until the morning. It was near a wood, mostly composed of beautiful shrubs and handsomely formed trees. Several of these they commenced cutting down, not only for the purpose of fuel, but to form a barricade, or defence against the wild animals during the night.

After completing their fortifications, lighting their fires, and supping as well as they could, they lay down to rest; but their sleep was constantly disturbed by a herd of elephants brushing through the wood, passing and repassing every moment. Had not the fence been erected, they would in all probability have been trampled to death by these powerful animals. They, however, escaped, and about seven in the morning commenced their journey once more.

The whole of this day they travelled through a delightful country. The land in some places seemed to be composed of a red and yellow clay, and the valleys appeared covered with a very thick and long grass, but not a single sign of agriculture was to be seen in any direction. In the course of the day a few deserted huts were discovered, one of which Paul and some of his companions entered, but they paid for their curiosity, as they were in a moment entirely covered with fleas.

At the end of thirty-five miles, they again halted for the night on the edge of a small forest, and provided fuel and a temporary defence as before.

their provisions being nearly exhausted, although it had been sparingly used, they were obliged to limit themselves to a small allowance, notwithstanding the ravenous appetite which most of them possessed.

Want and fatigue had now made several inroads on the unhappy company: some of the people in the course of the following day dropt astern; it was now thought advisable for such of the party as could travel, to get forward and provide a place where wood and water could be obtained. Of this company Paul was one: he continued to bear up bravely. In order that those who remained behind might find their way, the guides set fire to the long grass, which served during the night as a point of direction.

During the next day they continued to move on, having been disappointed that not one of those who had been left behind had come up. The guides were of opinion that before the close of another day they should reach a Christian settlement, where assistance would certainly be obtained. This intelligence revived the people's drooping spirits, and they travelled with more than their usual alertness, until they reached a farm-house. Here relief was expected, but none was found; the whole place had been deserted some time: they were obliged, therefore, to sleep again in the air, and leave their absent and miserable companions to all the horrors of the desert.

This was not a night of sleep, but of lamentation. They sat round their fire, and spake of nothing but their absent messmates, and their own unfortunate situation. They were all defenceless, without food, hardly able to stand erect, and in a country where ferocious animals were very numerous; in addition to these miseries, they were every hour in danger of an attack from the Boshis-men, who swarm in those parts, and destroy the unhappy objects of their vengeance by poisoned arrows.

Paul's spirits were now fast sinking; his strength too began to give way: occasionally, however, the talismanic influence of his *mother's blessing* was felt, and at these moments hope revived, and even his physical strength seemed to feel its recruiting influence.

Day returned once more, and again the way-worn travellers set off on their journey. Out of the sixty that composed the party when they left the beach, thirty-six were so worn down by fatigue, as to be unable to travel; these remained in the desert, if they were not already destroyed; while the only hope they had, supposing they were still alive, rested on the help they might receive from those who proceeded.

The guides again asserted their confidence of being near some Christian settlement, and urged the crew to activity and speed. For above three hours they travelled on without a single halt, when one of the guides, who was some distance in advance, roared out in a transport of joy—"I see a Hottentot attending a flock of sheep!" This sounded like the voice of a seraph proceeding from the tongue of a Caffre. The whole party ran to the place where he stood, and, at a considerable distance, observed a man attending a flock of at least four thousand; they moved in a body toward the shepherd, who seemed at first to be alarmed; but perceiving they were mostly whites and unarmed, he stopped until they came up. He was

desired to direct them the nearest way to the first settlement, which he did, and at the same time informed them, the proprietor was a good man; the distance, he said, from his residence was about three hours.

The joy diffused throughout the party, on receiving this information, was excessive: Paul felt almost beside himself; his *mother's blessing*, he believed, had again saved him. He embraced the communicator of the intelligence, and the whole company went on.

At length—ecstatic reflection—they came within sight of a Christian farm.

"Come on!" shouted Paul, "we shall soon be safely moored at last, and our companions in the desert will have the relief they need."

Some tottered as they stood, overcome with joy, and could not move; others appeared in a trance; until at length about ten followed the young adventurer, and they entered the house of the Christian farmer.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE VALUE OF A PENNY.

It is an old saying, my youthful readers, that "a pin a day is a groat a year," by which homely expression some wise man has intended to teach thoughtless people the value of small savings. I shall endeavor to show the value of a somewhat higher article, though a much despised one—I mean a penny.

Pennies, like minutes, are often thrown away, because people do not know what to do with them. Those who are economists of time, and all the great men on record have been so, take care of the minutes, for they know that a few minutes well applied each day, will make hours in the course of a week, and days in the course of a year; and in the course of a long life they will make enough of time, if well employed, in which a man may by perseverance have accomplished some work, useful to his fellow creatures and honorable to himself.

Large fortunes, when gained honestly, are generally acquired by small savings at first; and savings can only be made by habits of industry and temperance. A saving man, therefore, while he is adding to the general stock of wealth, is setting an example of those virtues on which the very existence and happiness of society depend. There are saving people who are misers, and have no good quality for which we can like them. These are not the kind of people of whom I am speaking; but I may remark that a miser, though disagreeable fellow while alive, is a very useful person when dead. He has been compared to a tree, which, while it is growing, can be applied to no use, but at last furnishes timber for houses and domestic utensils. But a miser is infinitely more useful than a spendthrift, a mere consumer and waster, who, after he has spent his own money, tries to spend that of other people.

Suppose a young man, just beginning to work

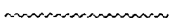
for himself, could save one penny a day—and any one could do this—at the end of the year he would have three dollars and a half, which he could safely deposit in a Savings Bank, where it would lie, with some small addition of interest, till he might want it. After five years' savings, at the rate of only a penny a day he would have nearly twenty dollars, which it is very possible he might find some opportunity of laying out to such advantage as to establish the foundation of his future fortune. Who has not had the opportunity of feeling some time in his life how advantageously he could have laid out such a sum of money, and how easily such a sum might have been saved by keeping all the pennies and sixpences that had been thrown away.

Twenty dollars might enable a mechanic who had acquired a good character for sobriety and industry, to furnish himself with goods and tools to five or six times the amount of his capital; and this might form the foundation of his future fortune.

It often happens that a clever and industrious man may have the opportunity of bettering his condition by removing to another place, or accepting some situation of trust; but the want of a little money to carry him from one place to another—the want of a better suit of clothes, or some difficulty of that kind, often stands in the way. Twenty dollars might conquer all these difficulties.

Our country is full of examples of men who have risen from beginnings hardly more than the savings of a penny a day, through a long course of persevering industry, to wealth and respectability. And we believe there is hardly a condition, however low, from which a young man of good principles and unceasing industry may not elevate himself.

The little savings of a penny a day may perform a thousand useful offices. It may purchase some necessary implement, some good, substantial article of dress, some useful book—or, if well laid out, some useful instruction in the branch of industry which is his calling. It may relieve him in sickness, it may contribute to the comfort of an aged father, it may assist the young man in paying back some part of the boundless debt which he owes to the care and tender anxiety of a mother, who has lived long enough to feel the want of a son's solicitude. Finally, however disposed of at the end of the year, if *well* disposed of, the penny saved will be a source of genuine satisfaction. The saving of it, during the year, has been a daily repetition of a virtuous act, which, near the end of the year, cannot fail to be confirmed into a virtuous and enduring habit.



The voice was now louder, but he regarded it not, as the winds bore it away.

At length he saw something glittering in the depths of the pool ; and he plunged in to reach it.

As he sank, he cried aloud for help.

Ere the waters had closed over him, his father's hand was stretched out to save him.

And while he yet shivered with chillness and fear, his parent said unto him :

" Mine eye was upon thee, and thou didst not heed ; neither hast thou beheld my sign, nor hearkened to my voice. If thou hadst thought on me, I had not been hidden."

Then the child cast himself on his father's bosom, and said :

" Be nigh unto me still ; and mine eyes shall wait on thee, and mine ears shall be open unto thy voice for evermore."

THE WANDERING CHILD.

In a solitary place among the groves, a child wandered whithersoever he would.

He believed himself alone, and wist not that one watched him from the thicket, and that the eye of his parent was on him continually ; neither did he mark whose hand had opened a way for him thus far.

All things that he saw were new to him ; therefore he feared nothing.

He cast himself down in the long grass, and as he lay, he sang till his voice of joy rang through the woods.

When he nestled among the flowers, a serpent arose from the midst of them ; and when the child saw how its burnished coat glittered in the sun like the rainbow, he stretched forth his hand to take it to his bosom.

Then the voice of his parent cried from the thicket, " Beware ! "

And the child sprang up, and gazed above and around, to know whence this voice came ; but when he saw not, he presently remembered it no more.

He watched how a butterfly burst from its shell, and flitted faster than he could pursue, and soon rose far above his reach.

When he gazed and could trace its flight no more, his father put forth his hand, and pointed where the butterfly ascended, even into the clouds.

But the child saw not the sign.

A fountain gushed forth amid the shadows of the trees, and its waters flowed into a deep and quiet pool.

The child kneeled on the brink, and looking in, he saw his own bright face, and it smiled upon him.

As he stooped yet nearer to meet it, a voice once more said " Beware ! "

The child started back, but he saw that a gust ruffled the waters, and he said within himself, " It was but the voice of the breeze."

And when the broken sunbeams glanced on the moving waters, he laughed, and dipped his foot, that the waters might again be ruffled ; and the coolness was pleasant to him.

[Original.]

THE WILD FLOWER.

AN APOLOGUE.

BY REV. CHARLES A. SMITH.

A wild flower bloomed sweetly and alone near the path that led through a thickly wooded forest. The sunbeams shone through the opening that had been made for the traveller, and reflected beautifully upon its chalice, and the long stem on which it was suspended rose peacefully from the earth, and yielded with a gentle curve to the weight of its lonely burden. As the Angel who has charge of the flowers passed along one day, he thus addressed the lovely one: "Sweet child, I have long been charmed by thy modest and retiring loveliness, and I have thought of thy solitary hours; dost thou not wish to be transplanted from the spot which nature has assigned thee, and to mingle in the society of others of thy kind?"

"Ah, no!" replied the flower; "I would rather bloom where I first saw the light, and where I have been placed by maternal nature. I am not alone, for I hear the singing of the birds; and the lofty forest trees whose branches are entwined above me, seem like guardian spirits sent to protect me from the rude blast, whose voice I hear far above me, but whose touch I have never yet felt."

The Angel resumed; "But why should thy loveliness be concealed, and why should not thy modest and retiring beauty be contrasted with the more showy, but less attractive and enduring charms of thy blooming sisters? Thus thy gentle virtues might be reflected upon others."

The lovely flower again replied: "I find that I can be useful even here, I cheer the lonely way of the traveller, who ever greets me with a smile, and as he passes by I hear him say; 'lovely stranger, bloom as thou hast done to beautify the solitary path;' and when he departs, I feel happy in the consciousness of having made others so. I have no wish that is not already gratified. And should I be transplanted to another soil, and be removed from these forest shades, I would not repine, if I could only enjoy the refreshing dew and the light and warmth of the sun."

And as the Angel vanished he said, "Sweet contentment! offspring of a pure and gentle spirit; may thy dwelling be among the children of men."

Very soon the wild flower of the forest was discovered, and transplanted among the flowers of the garden; and it was valued more highly for its simple and unpretending loveliness, than the rarest and costliest exotics.

And when the Angel again saw this sweet child of nature, he said: "It is right that true merit should be brought out of retirement. Modesty adds to the fascination of the most illustrious talents, and is itself a virtue which all are compelled to admire."

Rhinebeck, N. Y. May, 1842.

THE WIND.

The following bit of conversation between a father and child originated when we were not far off, and, by way of variety, we will indulge in a touch of the didactic, and offer it as a specimen of how the young idea may be taught to shoot.—*Picayune*.

A child once said to its father, as it felt the play of the morning breeze through its waving ringlets, "Father, where does the wind come from?"

"From heaven," said the father.

"And where does it go to?"

"It goes back to heaven again, my child, and again to earth returns. It is the breath of the Great Spirit of beneficence, from whom we receive all happiness and all joy. Changing seasons are ordained, to make the earth happy and beautiful for us, and then we are breathed upon hot or cold, as is most conducive to our good. Have you not sometimes wished it would be always summer?"

"Yes, father."

"And at another time sighed that winter were not always?"

"Yes, father."

"Then you must see that the Ruler of the seasons knows better than yourself what is best for you, as your own wishes were inconsistent."

"Yes, father; I see now."

"The wind, my dear son, may be considered the viewless presence of vast immensity. The far-roaming spirit of the wide universe is ever near us and hovering o'er us. It kisses the sick man's temple, and the suffering invalid lifts up his eye in hope. It plays with the breathing of the sinless infant, and weaves smiles upon its dimpled cheek. It is

the essence of life and breath, and you, my boy, are now inhaling it. You know you did not make it, yet you feel that it is necessary for your very life—that without it you would fall down and expire;—then, where does the wind come from, son?"

"From heaven, father."

"Yes, my boy—from heaven: and it comes to bless the earth. Even from the tempest to the zephyr, all *motion* of the air lends healthful tone and action to the things of *matter*. Wind is, as 'twere, an ever-moving pendulum in the sky, that shows the great machinery above, beneath and around us, to be in harmonious action. Were there no wind, my son, this beautiful world would be a void and stagnant waste, and yon *arche*' sky, now so magnificently adorned by the rising sun, would change to some wild and strange confusion. You and I, and all thing that live, would sink into inanimation, and all we see and hear and so much rejoice in, would be lost to us forever!"

"Does not the wind whisper, father?"

"Yes, child; you may learn to converse with it, and it shall tell you of its errand to earth. Pause when the lonely airs are calling stilly music from leaf and bough in a summer even-time, watch as the stars peep forth, and the wind shall whisper to your heart of heaven."

"Does not the wind howl, father?"

"Yes, boy; and then it tells the grandeur and the might of august Omnipotence. If you have learned to joy in its balmy breathing, you must also know the great strength and glory of the wind. Is it not wonderful, my son? Even as this infant rivulet beneath us—upon which that dancing sunbeam has just alighted, piercing the leafy forest shade above—rolls on and on, miles, leagues, and far away, still swelling, rising, deepening, until at last it plunges into the vast desert of water that rolls around the globe, so can this gentle west wind, now so soft, stir into brisker mood, rouse into louder voice, start into rage and terror, and fright the land and lash the ocean vast with the tornado's wild and shrieking anger!"

"It is wonderful, father!"

"And it is wise, my son; and we must believe so, though we may not understand why it is so. Yes; the wind now sporting with the leaves around, may tear these rooted trees from the firm earth, drive them like feathers along the land, dash off the mountain cone, and whirl it into the vale, prostrate cities, and turn the course of seas! It is wonderful!"

"Wonderful, father!"

"Then, where does the wind come from, my son?"

"From heaven, father!"

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NARRATIVE.
THE WISH-BONE.

A party of happy young people were assembled to celebrate young Edgar's birth-day, at the house of a maiden lady, who was known among all her juvenile relatives and acquaintances, as "cousin Patty."

Many people are wont to stigmatise the whole race of old maids as cross and censorious—as lovers of gossip and of cats, and the determined enemies of children of all ages. We will not stoop to refute this unjust charge, except so far as to say, that whatever may be advanced fairly against some of the sisterhood in support of these assertions, we verily believe, taking them, *en masse*, that they are rather the sinned against than the sinning. In innumerable cases, the maiden relatives of families are those on whom the most cares are devolved in our community. When cross babies are to be borne with, spoiled children to be amused, old dresses of unmatchable colors to be matched, cheap bargains to be searched for, and disagreeable household jobs to be gone through, then is the little old maid found to be an indispensable appendage to a family. Her caps and collars are expected instinctively to prepare for a crushing, and her feet and hands are supposed to be untireable. But cousin Patty belonged to neither of these classes. No one could look at her cheerful, happy countenance, or meet the glance of her soft blue eye, without feeling assured that she was not numbered among the harrow, nor observe the respect and affection with which she was uniformly treated by all around, and suppose, for a moment, that she was included among the latter.

She was now in her element of sunshine; and every thing in her neat and well-ordered household seemed to partake of the same genial influence. On the table, potatoes on her table opened their wide mouths and steamed out their fragrant odors, and the chickens, roasted to a perfection that might have satisfied an epicure,

kept hissing and frothing forth their good wishes to young Edgar, till the steel was plunged into their snowy flesh.

"I wonder who'll get the Wish-bone," said George, the youngest of the party, to his next neighbor, in an audible whisper, "Any how! I hope Edgar will, for it is his birth-day!"

Cousin Patty was sometimes dull of hearing, and now she seemed to be so, for she made no answer to the child; but when all of the party were helped, a Wish-Bone was found on the plate both of Edgar and George; and though cousin Patty's love of neatness was proverbial, yet on that day the bones, half cleared of meat, were allowed to lie on her snowy table linen, unnoticed and unproved.

After the cloth was removed, the party gathered round a cheerful fire to discuss their nuts and fruit, and to crack their Wish-Bones. Wish after wish was poured forth from young lips, thus creating much mirth, until George's turn came.

"I wish," said he, with a thoughtful look, "I wish, I could keep from wishing!"

A burst of laughter was heard from several of the party; but cousin Patty, as she parted the soft brown curls on George's open forehead, said with one of her kindest smiles, "It is not fair to condemn any one unheard. I suspect our little friend may be wiser than any of us. Tell us, dear, what led you to make so uncommon a use of your Wish-Bone?"

"Why," replied the little boy, "one day I asked dear mother, if she did not wish we had such a pretty carriage and handsome house as the lady had, whom we had been to visit. She said, 'My son! I am afraid to say I wish for any thing God has not given me; it seems as if I should be thinking myself wiser than He, if I should pretend to choose for myself, instead of trusting to his wisdom and love to make me happy.' Now, cousin Patty, ever since then, I am apt to get frightened, when I forget myself and say I wish for such and such things."

The whole party seemed struck with the little boy's remarks; but one of the liveliest of them said, "Well, if it was not wrong, I would like to wish, and have my wishes really come true!"

"I doubt, my dear," said cousin Patty, "if we would not all of us be soon heartily sorry of having such a privilege granted us."

"Do you really think so?" exclaimed several voices at once, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, indeed I do, when I recollect what were my own childish wishes, and those of my young companions."

"Won't you tell us some of them, and let us judge," said one little girl coaxingly. The rest of the party seconding her motion, their hostess assented, saying, "I will only mention the case of one of my young companions, since she and I have, in our riper years, often talked over and smiled at our childish notions of happiness. Among my juvenile friends, there was none more dear to me than Emilia. She was, in truth, a gleeful being, with a heart full of sensibility; and though often a sufferer from disease, yet when relieved from its pressure, her spirits would rise and overflow, so as to gladden all around her. Even when we took a favorite walk down a beautiful grassy lane, at the outskirts of our village, Emilia could not be satisfied without creating for herself additional enjoyment. Her slender and graceful little form might then be seen running and skipping, forming for herself a serpentine path. When asked why she did so, she would answer playfully, she liked to make her path in a flower pattern; when she went out she made the vine, and when she returned the leaves and flowers. No one was so skilful in jumping the rope, or so graceful and agile on the ice as she; while the rest of us were pondering at the top of the slide, almost afraid to venture our necks on the smooth, glassy mirror, she might be seen, like some aerial thing, gliding swiftly down the polished

surface, or with surprising dexterity changing her position to a half recumbent one, without even losing her balance, or gaining those bruises so common to lovers of such sports. Emilia, too, was the kindest of the kind; and no friendless baby would have been unprovided with a nurse and wardrobe, or poor aged pauper with food and shelter, had her resources been equal to their supply. But Emilia had her favorite wish, and a strange one it may seem, to have found entrance in such a bosom, and sad would it have been to her had it been gratified. In a small street in our village there stood an humble dwelling, inhabited by a poor, solitary spinster, by the name of Miss Polly N—. She was the very model of neatness, or rather of particularity. Her floor was never known to have been soiled, or her house seen disordered. Even her cat seemed to have been drilled to order, for never had her thin, attenuated form been seen, like others of her race, with sooty paws or fur. Miss Polly's window was an object of continual, never-ending satisfaction to Emilia and myself, as we daily passed it on our way to school. There might ever be seen dames lovingly clasped hand in hand, and horses, not only mated but matched to a T. in size, color, and shape—gingerbread they were called, though I doubt whether in truth they had any right to this title;—slate pencils, brass thimbles and nutmegs, were curiously intermixed with well floured sugar-plums, and the most slender of candy-sticks; cranberry-tarts, too, were there in season, of that rich, purplish red, which assures practiced eyes that the saccharine matter has been sparingly imparted to them; last, though not least, was a copy-book, whose yellow leaves indicated that it might have been Miss Polly's companion in school-days, long since past; but this well-worn specimen of penmanship, rendered the old lady an object of profound interest to her young customers, for between its pages she concealed, what in the eyes of Emilia and her companions were precious treasures. These were sundry skeins of Italian sewing silk, purple, scarlet, green, blue, orange and yellow. Those were days, my young friends, when samplers were in fashion, and one who has never had a sampler in progress, can scarcely judge of the beating communicated to our hearts by Miss Polly's silken stores. The old lady retailed them by needles-full; and if we were made so happy by the purchase of two or three of these, which our Saturday pennies could alone procure, it was not surprising we fancied she must be superlatively blessed, who was rich enough to number her stores by skeins! My friend and I being good customers, and valued, moreover, for our parents' sake, were allowed unusual privileges by the old lady; such as being admitted to her kitchen when she was in all her glory of baking and compounding cakes. In the rear of her house was a little garden, laid out in the tiniest squares and circles, edged, in accordance with the owner's taste, with rows of clam-shells. Her olden features could relax into a faint smile, while surveying her pinks and sweet williams; and when she culled a few of these flowers, from which the first glory had departed, and presented them to us; or when she permitted us the privilege of sharing with her the labor of repairing her shell borderings, we considered ourselves the happiest of the happy. Emilia conceived the most ardent desire to be a second Miss Polly, and she importuned earnestly, that her father would erect at one corner of his beautiful lawn, a little dwelling the counterpart of hers, whose lot seemed, in her childish view, so enviable. She saw not the other side of the picture, nor took into account the loneliness and desolation peculiar to the aged and the isolated. She never thought of the long winter evenings, when the old lady sat by her lonely fire, with no heart to sympathize with her under the infirmities of age and disease, and when no human arm could be

looked to as a support in the hour when she should no longer be capable of exertion.

“Years rolled on, and saw Miss Polly laid in her last narrow home, unwept and unmissed by any. Emilia grew up into womanhood, and became a happy wife and a beloved and loving mother; and frequently, as we have talked together, has she blessed God for granting to her these precious boons, and exclaimed, “I believe I should have had a cheerless and sorrowful life without them, even had I been surrounded with other rich gifts of Providence.” How much more cheerless and desolate then, had the wishes of her youthful heart been granted, and she assigned the lot for which she earnestly craved; Let us, then, dear children, each seek wisdom like that of George’s mother, and cease to *wish* for ourselves!”

While the young people were busily talking over the moral of cousin Patty’s tale, and concluding they were happiest in not enjoying the privilege which they had once yearned for, a summons to return home was received by several of the party, who, with merry faces and cheerful hearts, soon dispersed to their several homes, feeling better and happier for the incident of the Wish-Bone. -*Epis. Recorder.*

replied, that he did not know the reason of the change; he only knew that it was one, which occurred every season, in the climate in which he lived.

"The leaves whose presence we hail with so much delight, my son," said the lady, "answer the same purpose to the trees and shrubs to which they respectively belong, as do the lungs to human beings. The sap which is the fountain of vegetable life, is, during the winter months of our climate, locked up almost entirely in the roots of trees and shrubs, and is thus preserved from injury during the continuance of cold weather. Leaves have been furnished by God, to the vegetable family, that in their broad surfaces, the sap may spread itself out, under a thin outer covering, and there partake of the wholesome operation of air and light. After this object has been secured, the sap retreats gradually from the leaves and retires into the root. The beauty soon passes from them, and after a short time becoming entirely deprived of the nourishment on which their healthfulness depended, they wither away into a state of death, and drop their unsightly forms from the parent stalks, which they had once so richly adorned. You have long been gazing on the naked branches, "barren as lances," and wishing they might be once more clothed with living green. But how shall the stagnant sap be roused from its death-like sleep, and be quickened to activity? God who remembers his gracious promise, that seed time and harvest, summer and winter, shall not fail, at the approach of spring calls the winds from the four quarters of the earth at his bidding, to do his work; he brings forth the vernal rains too from his treasure-house, for the same object. The winds agitate the apparently dead stalks and branches so greatly, that the sap receives a quickening impulse in accordance with its Maker's will, and mounts to its topmost branch and finds its way into every minute twig, and soon the bark breaks open to give place to numerous leaf buds. The rains having softened and fertilized the lately frozen ground, the roots of the different members of the vegetable family, are enabled to stretch out their long feelers to receive that nourishment necessary for the manufacturing of the great amount of sap, required for the additional growth of the coming year. Thus, my son, instead of peevishly complaining of the winds and rain common to this season, you see a little thought and reflection is only necessary, to make us regard them with complacency, and even hail them, as the sure harbinger of the spring which is so grateful to our hearts!"

"Perhaps, my dear son," remarked his mother, "you do not know that the very weather of which you complain, is very instrumental in bringing forward vegetation, and thus is accomplishing the object you so ardently wished for?"

"Indeed, mother, I do not know how that can be. For only see how violently the trees and shrubs are being shook. I should think they would have the life forced out of them."

"You must not judge of the vegetable world by your own feelings, John," continued his mother. "Listen to me for a while, and I will try to explain the subject to you. Before doing so, I would ask you however one question. Do you know why the trees and shrubs have lost the beautiful foliage with which they were clothed so richly a few months since!"

The child stopped awhile to think, and then

"Thank you, mother, for explaining the matter to me. Now that I know the reason of their always coming at this time, I hope I shall be able not to feel so cross about the matter any more. But mother would the leaves come forth so beautifully if we had no sunshiny days?"

"No, my son, certainly not! and on this account, our tender Father forgets not, to send these too, in proper measure. You say you will try no longer to be peevish on the subject, because I have given you some explanation of the necessity which exists, for the winds and damps of spring. May my child be made to learn a

NARRATIVE.

THE YOUNG MURMURER INSTRUCTED.

"I do wish we could have some pleasant weather, that would last for a little while. We now have one nice warm day, and then just as I am beginning to hope my rose bushes will be putting out their leaves, some more disagreeable windy weather comes, or else pouring rain, and puts an end to my hopes. It is really very vexatious! Only see even now, it is pouring away, as if the clouds had not emptied themselves for months!" As the little boy finished speaking, he fixed his gaze on the scene out of doors, and his naturally happy looking countenance, became clouded with an expression of discontent and impatience.

"Perhaps, my dear son," remarked his mother, "you do not know that the very weather of which you complain, is very instrumental in bringing forward vegetation, and thus is accomplishing the object you so ardently wished for?"

"Indeed, mother, I do not know how that can be. For only see how violently the trees and shrubs are being shook. I should think they would have the life forced out of them."

"You must not judge of the vegetable world by your own feelings, John," continued his mother. "Listen to me for a while, and I will try to explain the subject to you. Before doing so, I would ask you however one question. Do you know why the trees and shrubs have lost the beautiful foliage with which they were clothed so richly a few months since!"

The child stopped awhile to think, and then

still more useful lesson, which God only can teach him."

"What is that, dear mother," anxiously inquired the little boy.

"It is this, my love," she replied; "never to murmur under the storms and trials of life—when the winds shall beat and the rains descend upon you at God's command. Trials and afflictions are not pleasant, my love, to look forward to, or to realize actually, but they are most generally the means employed by our heavenly Father, in rousing our souls from the death of trespasses and sins, into which we are all sunk by nature, and of quickening us into new and heavenly life. It is painful, my child, for me to think of your having to pass through sufferings, but when the idea comes into my heart to trouble it, I try to remember, that such are necessary for you, ere the buds and blossoms of piety can appear to beautify the character of my child; and while believing this, and while remembering likewise, that God will not call them but at the season He knows to be best, I learn not to sorrow or despond at the prospect; but rather to leave you in His hands, who will make all things work together for good if you love Him."

[Western Epis Obs.]

Original.

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

"WHENCE came those sounds?" said a young wife to her husband, the strains of a piano falling upon the ears as together they were seated in an arbor of their garden, screened from the beams of a summer sun.

"From some one in the parlor," replied he, "if I conjecture rightly. Listen, they come again;" and true enough, sounds not too correct, but evincing a tolerable degree of harmony, were heard to issue.

"Who can it be?" said the wife. There is no one, at present, within, who pretends to a knowledge of music. Let us discover;" and quietly approaching a window which descended to a level with the ground, they beheld, to their delight and wonder, their own beautiful and youthful daughter, Emelia, essaying with intense effort to draw from the instrument the notes of an air, which, the preceding night, she had heard her mother execute. It was with difficulty her petite figure could exalt itself to the keys, nevertheless, she assiduously continued her exertions. Her rich auburn locks flowed in thick profusion over her neck and shoulders, a bright and glorious smile—a smile such only as infant innocence can give, irradiated her beautiful features. How happy felt those parents! They could not speak, but gazing at each other, tears glistened in their eyes, and the young, proud, and virtuous mother, sunk into the arms of her happy husband. Still did the *Young Musician* continue at her task, 'till, finally, she achieved with tolerable perfection, the attempted composition.

"Is not this bliss?" said the father, imprinting a kiss upon the glowing cheek of his partner.

She could not reply, so full was her heart with happiness, but rushing into the apartment, and snatching her blossom to her bosom, covered it with kisses, then placing it in the arms of the father, and kneeling, she fervently ejaculated, "It is! It is! Blessed be the giver of all good!"

"Amen!" responded the husband, and with their lovely offspring, the happy couple returned to the arbor rejoicing.

That night, as they were seated in the parlor, and the young mother running her fairy fingers over the piano—"Softly!" said the husband. "Listen, my dear Lucy; here are some verses which, at random, I have strung together. I profess not to possess the spirit of poetry, but as you have often importuned me to do so, I think, that with you, however defective they may be, the subject will plead their excuse." He read as follows:—

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

"Sweet child, may never sorrow cast
One shade across thy sunny brow;
But happy thoughts and joyous sounds
Be over thine, as they are now.

Ay, strike that strain—its silvery tones
Thrill thy young bosom with delight;
And send the beam of joy across
Thy stainless face—as morning's light

Falls on the rose-bud—cherub bright!

Thou look'st as from the fields of Heaven;
To earth a moment thou hadst strayed,
Where human form to thee was given.

Oh! would that ne'er thy tender bark
Might brave the sea of human life;
Piercing through passion's tempest dark,
And warring with the storms of strife.

But with that smile which sweetly lights
Thy infant features soft and clear,
Thus, ever live a joyous child,
Gem of thy happy parents here."

THE YOUNG REBEL.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Nor grandeur bear with a disdainful smile
The short but simple annals of the poor."

It was a bright and cheerful morning—the sun-beams danced merrily on the gay river which skirted the village of Callow—and the dew-drops hung like diamonds round the clustering vine that, in those days, overshadowed the humble school of Dame Mabel Leigh. Dear Dame Mabel! she was one of the governesses of the olden time, who ruled by the assistance of a large birch rod, and sundry other aids which are now out of fashion. She was a very excellent old woman for all that; and although she thought it beneath the dignity of a school-mistress to *reason* with her pupils, yet she possessed so many good and valuable qualities, that even the vicar's lady treated the dame with deference and respect. She had held undisputed sway over all the girls and many of the boys, from two to ten years of age, for more than forty years; but do not for a moment imagine that the worthy dame kept one of those fine "Establishments," whose blue, green, or red sign-boards announce that "Ladies and Gentlemen are here taught French and English Education, and all Fashionable Accomplishments"—No such thing; the simple one of Dame Mabel, which was more than half covered with clustering grapes and vine-leaves, only promised that there children were "taught to read:" the villagers of Callow were quite satisfied if their daughters could read the Bible, sew, hem, and stitch neatly.

Thomas Hill, indeed, the rich, fat, and rosy landlord of the Plough Inn, had only one daughter; and to make her *genteel*, as he called it, he sent her for six months to a boarding-school. When she had been there a short time, such a box arrived at the Plough! every one in the village thought it must be something very beautiful as it came from Mary Hill's school; and when it was opened, appeared a piece of embroidery in a fine gold frame. People were somewhat puzzled at first to know what it was. There was an animal, which might be either a pig or a mule, with its heels in the air; and there was a boy somewhat taller than a tree, and another brown-black looking thing; however, the *poetry* underneath explained the matter—

"The vicious kicking donkey
Has thrown my brother and Pompey."

The silly people of Callow (for there are silly people every where) thought that Mary must be wonderfully improved; but the wise ones knew that it was not right for a girl in her situation of life to waste so much time on such useless work. Indeed poor Mary was not the better for her six months' trip; she brought home a great many airs; and it was very evident that she had not been properly instructed; for I am almost ashamed to say that she despised her parents, because they were not as rich or as fashionable as the "*Pa's*" and "*Ma's*" of the *young ladies* she knew at school. However, I have said enough about her.

Monday was always a busy day with good Mabel; the little floor of the school-room was fresh sanded; laurel, gemmed with bright hedge-roses, graced the chimney; the eight-day clock, towering unto the ceiling, seemed to tick more loudly than ever; Tom, a venerable old white mouser, had a

new blue riband round his neck; and the high-backed chair was placed so as to command not only a good view of the four corners of the room, but of a large cupboard where books and work were arranged, and where the *very* little people often congregated like a nest of young wrens, and whispered and twittered, whenever the dame's back was turned—then a little black-looking carved table was placed on the right-hand side of this throne, and on it, ready for use, every Monday morning, appeared a new well-made birch rod. The good dame seldom wore out more than one a week, which, considering all things in those days, was not thought too much. But I wish I could describe the dame to you, for I am sure you will never see any one like her, as even the village school-mistresses now are very different to what they were twenty years ago: her apron was always white as snow, and round it a flounce full two fingers deep; her neckerchief, clear and stiff, neatly pinned down in front; the crown of her cap in the highest part might measure perhaps half a yard, somewhat more or less, and under it her nice gray hair was turned over a roller; and although her eyes were dark and penetrating, and her nose long and hooked, yet her smile was so sweet that every little child's heart felt happy when she gave such a mark of approbation: but there were times in very truth when the good dame's anger was excited; and then she certainly did look what the young ones called "very terrible."

"I'll certainly try this new rod on your bare shoulders, Fanny Spence," said the old lady, one "black Monday morning," to a little arch-looking girl with blue eyes, who amused herself by eating the corners of her spelling book—"I'll teach you how to munch your book as a rabbit does clover. Mercy on me! you have half torn out the pretty picture of 'The Fox and Grapes,' and you have daubed over as many as ten leaves with—How did you get at my rose-pink? Oh! you wicked, wicked child!" The dame, I am sorry to say, now lost her temper, and elevated her rod and voice at one and the same moment. Fanny, who had opened her mouth to commence squalling, thought it better to tell the truth; so, keeping as far from the rod as she could, said—"Indeed, if you please, ma'am, it was Dick Shaw—he painted 'em for me—and he stole it out of your basket yesterday, while you were taking up the stitches little Kate dropped in the toe of her stocking."

Before Dame Mabel had decided what punishment to inflict, her attention was attracted by little Kate herself, who crept slowly to her seat, with hanging head and downcast eyes.

"This is a very pretty hour for you to come to school, miss. Why, all your strings are out, and your hands and arms torn and dirty. I see how it is; open your mouth—black, as I supposed; you have been down the lane after the blackberries; very well, I'll find a way to punish you." The old lady stooped, and with great dexterity drew off her garter, (it was twenty years ago,) and was about to tie the culprit's hands behind her, when, in lisping tones, the little thing declared it was all Dick Shaw's fault. "He showed me the bush, ma'am, and he promised to hold it; and I did not eat more than two or three, when he pulled it away and I fell into the ditch." "And serves you right, too," said the dame—"Girls have no business to

play with boys; but your arm is much scratched just here." "Well," she continued, her tone instantly softening, (for she was really very kind-hearted,) "give me my blue bag, and I will bind it up with some of the old linen the good vicar's lady gave me." The bag was brought, and emptied, but no old linen was to be found. The children were severally questioned; and at last little Phebe Ford, a merry laughing thing of six years old, who, though she had many faults, always spoke the truth—a perfection which made her even at that age respected—said that she saw Dick Shaw pull out the roll of linen at twelve o'clock on Friday, and that he said it would do nicely to fether White Tom.

"That boy," said the dame, "shall be expelled my school; and I certainly ought not to have kept him since his trick of the spectacles, nor would I, indeed, were it not that *others*—and her eye glanced at a red-faced, red-armed girl of ten, with a fuzzy head and little twinkling eyes—"were almost as bad as he. I only said *almost*, Mary—and you have been very good since."

By the way, I must tell you that the affair of the spectacles occurred two days after Dick came to Dame Leigh's school. Dick took a fancy to fit his governess's spectacles on Farmer Howitt's big pig—and Mary, romping Mary Green, agreed to hold the pig while they were fitting on. Now as the pig, who in this instance showed more wisdom than either Dick or Mary, could see better without than with spectacles, he soon pushed Dick into a stagnant pool of green water, and left the luckless Mary sprawling like a great frog in the mire; while he rejoined his brothers and cousins, grunting triumphantly, and curling his little tail, which the fallen Dick had unmercifully pulled in the contest. But nothing could cure the boy's love of mischief; and every thing that went wrong in the village was laid to his account. His poor mother's heart was almost broken; his father even, hard-working man as he was, had been seen to shed tears over his son's wilful ways; and his sister, a fine, good, industrious girl of sixteen, could have been of great service to her parents, were it not that her entire time was taken up in trying to keep Dick out of mischief, or to repair the mischief Dick had done.

"It was he pinned Kitty Carey's frock to Aunt Colvell's red petticoat, and it tore such a great piece; and Kitty cried because it was a new London chintz," said Mary Doyle.

"Hush, don't speak so loud," said Liddy Grant; "the dame will hear ye."

"She's not looking, she's mending little Kate's arm; and I just want to show you the bright new housewife my mother gave me, because I would not play at 'touch wood' with Dick Shaw on Sunday; and I know that no good will come of him or any body else who breaks Sunday."

"I tink," said Anna Miles, who could not speak plain, "I tink Dick very bold; for he"—

"Bless me, look!" interrupted Mary Doyle. "Hark! did ye ever hear such a screaming? It is Dick Shaw himself; and Patty is dragging him to school; he kicks like a donkey—there goes his shoe."

"His bran new spelling-book—and his hat, that cost his poor father five shillings," said the prudent Liddy—"He has the best of it; Patty will never be able to bring him up."

"She has the best of it now though," cried Mary

who, unable to sit still any longer, got one foot on the lower step, and held fast to the door-post, as if afraid that Dick would break loose and do some more mischief.

Patty pulled—Dick kicked and roared; no young lady singing to *do re mi fa*, that gives master and pupil so much trouble, ever opened her mouth so widely as Dick—you could see all the way down his throat. And Patty looked quite as calm and tranquil as Dick looked wild and furious. Every body, yes even the pretty face which is now gazing over this pretty page, looks ugly in a passion. At last Patty's firmness conquered Dick's violence, and she carried him into the school-room.

Here a fresh mortification awaited the young Rebel; he had been conquered by a *girl*—that was bad enough; but it was still worse to be expelled a *girls'* school. Dick stood stiff and sturdy, while the good dame read him a lecture, which, though simply worded, conveyed many useful lessons, and ended by saying that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and he should no longer remain in her school. Dick was formally expelled; and in a little time Dame Mabel's scholars became as peaceable as they had been before. Obstinate Dick set so bad an example; even romping Mary Green became a very good sort of a girl.

Dick, I am sorry to say, did not improve; for poor boys, as well as rich ones, can never be respected or prosper in their several spheres of life, if they are wilful, violent, disobedient, or Sabbath breakers.

The young Rebel's father, finding that he continued so very wicked, permitted him to go to sea; and for many years no one heard any thing of Obstinate Dick. Dear Dame Mabel grew so old that the vicar got a new mistress for the school; but the old woman continued to live there; and though she was blind and nearly lame, she never wanted for any thing; for the poor are often more grateful than the rich, and the villagers remembered the care and pains the dame took with them when they were little troublesome children.

One fine spring morning, when Patty Shaw was placing her aged friend on a nice green seat at the school door (for old people love to breathe the pure air, and Mabel felt the sun's rays very warm and pleasant, though she could not see its brightness,) a young man, with a wooden leg and but one eye, in a tattered sailor's dress, stopped, and looked earnestly up the village. "Do you want to see any one, young man?" said Patty, in her clear calm voice—"or, as you seem very much fatigued, is there any thing I can give you?" "Is there an old man, a carpenter, of the name of Shaw in your village?" replied he; "and can you give me a draught of water? for I have walked far, and have not a penny to buy food."

"Patty, Patty!" cried old blind Mabel, "if your brother Dick is a living being, that is his voice."

And she was right. Dick Shaw's temper had prevented his advancement; and he returned in poverty to his native village, where, but for the kind exertions of his sister, he must have become an inmate of the workhouse; for his parents were both dead, and he had not received even their blessing. But Patty was beloved by every one; and poor Dick was sincerely sorry for his former obstinate ways: and he now manages to go more quickly on the messages of those who employ him

with his wooden leg, than he used formerly when he had two good ones. And said he the other day, “If sincere penitence could restore my eye and leg, which I lost through my own willfulness, I might then be really useful; but that cannot now be; so I must do my best, and be thankful that God did not cut me off in the midst of my sins.”

NARRATIVE.

THEST RANGER'S STORY.

One day, when Lucy was quite a little girl, she travelled with her father in the steamboat. It was almost evening when they went on board the steamboat, and they sailed along a narrow channel of water, looking at the beautiful shores. The sun was just setting; and its bright rays gilded the trees and glittered upon the windows. At first, Lucy thought that the houses were on fire; but her mother told her it was only the reflection of the sun.

At length the sun went down, and left the western sky full of brilliant clouds. Lucy looked at them, and played that they were cities on fire, and slowly burning. She saw steeples and towers, red with flames, and giants' heads looking over the battlements. In another part of the sky, at a little distance, there were lions, and tigers, and elephants, of fire. Lucy watched them a long time. She listened, trying to hear the flames of the burning cities crackle, or the lions roar. But they were all still. She heard nothing but the thundering of the engine, and the dashing of the boat through the water.

At length the brightness of the sky gradually faded away. The steamboat swept swiftly around a point of land with a tall, white lighthouse upon it. By doing this, the boat changed its course somewhat, and a great stream of sparks from the chimney of the engine came pouring over to the part of the sky where Lucy was looking. She thought the sparks were more beautiful than the clouds. They seemed to Lucy to be as far off as the stars, and they were far more numerous and brilliant.

After a time, the evening air began to grow so cool that Lucy's mother said that they must move back into a more sheltered place. So they took their seats, and put them in a sheltered corner, near some trunks, which were piled up pretty high. There was a gentleman sitting

upon the other side of the pile of trunks. Lucy could just see his head over the tops of them.

After a short time, the gentleman spoke to Lucy, and said,

"My little girl, won't you come and sit with me?"

Lucy did not answer. She hung her head, and looked very foolish.

This was not right. If Lucy thought it was best not to go and see the gentleman without her mother's leave, she ought to have looked up to him pleasantly, and said, "No, I thank you, sir." Instead of that, she only hung her head, and looked as if she was afraid.

Presently the gentleman invited her again, and her mother said, "Should not you like to go and see the gentleman, Lucy? You may go."

But still Lucy did not answer. She put her finger in her mouth, and moved about upon her seat restlessly, without saying a word.

But the gentleman wanted her to come and see him very much. He was alone, and had nobody to talk with; and so he thought he should like to have Lucy come and sit in his lap, and let him tell her a story. But Lucy would not come.

Lucy was afraid of him. She did not really suppose that he would hurt her, but she was afraid of him because he was a stranger. This being excessively afraid of strangers, which makes children appear so silly is called bashfulness. Lucy was bashful.

Then the gentleman thought to himself,

"I will contrive a plan to get her to come to me."

Then he said aloud to Lucy. "If you will come here and sit in my lap, I will tell you a story."

But Lucy did not move or answer.

"Should you like to have me tell you a story while you stay where you are?" said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said Lucy.

"But the engine makes such a noise that I cannot talk very well over the tops of the trunks," said the gentleman. "I shall soon get tired. But if you will come and sit with me, I can tell you the story right in your ear. That will be easy, and so I can make the story a great deal longer; and then, besides, you can hear better."

Lucy did not answer.

"Very well," said the gentleman; "if you prefer to stay where you are, I will do as well as I can. I will begin the story, and go on until I am tired."

Now, the gentleman's plan was this. He was going to begin a story to Lucy, telling it to her over the trunks, and go on until he came to some interesting part, and then he was going to stop, and say that he could not tell any more over the trunks; but that, if she would come and sit with him, he would finish it. He expected that by this time Lucy would have become a little acquainted with him, so that she would not be so afraid,—and also that she would become interested in what he was telling her, and want to hear the rest of it. This was a very ingenious plan, and you shall hear how it succeeded.

TRUE AFFECTION.—A gentleman of Marseilles, named Remonsat, shortly before his death desired that his numerous family might be assembled round his bed. He acknowledged the delight which his children had afforded him by their affection and attachment, and especially by the tender love which they bore to one another. “But,” continued he, “I have a secret to disclose, which will remove one of you from this circle. So long as I had any hopes of living, I kept it from you; but I dare not violate your rights in the division of property which I leave you. One of you is only an adopted child—the child of the nurse at whose breast my own child died. Shall I name that child?” “No, no,” said they with one accord, “let us continue to be brothers and sisters.”

A GOLDEN RULE.—Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will find him strings for it. Neither the purse nor the strings will cost any thing. He who has it should only draw the strings as frugality directs, and he will be sure always to find a useful penny at the bottom of it. The servants of industry are known by their livery; it is always *whole* and *wholesome*. Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes him. Look at the *ragged slaves* of *idleness*, and judge which is the best master to serve—**INDUSTRY** or **IDLENESS**.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE. The eccentric, but brilliant, John Randolph, once rose suddenly up in his seat in the House of Representatives, and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice,—“Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is—Pay as You Go!”

John Randolph dropped many gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that.

“Pay as You Go,” and you need not dodge constables and sheriffs.

“Pay as You Go,” and you can walk the streets with an erect back and manly front, and have no fear of those you meet. You can look any man in the eye without flinching. You won't have to cross the highway to avoid a dun, or look intently into the shop windows to avoid seeing a creditor.

“Pay as You Go,” and you can snap your finger at the world, and when you laugh, it will be a hearty, honest one. It seems to us sometimes that we can almost tell the laugh of a poor debtor. He looks round as though he was in doubt whether his laugh was not the property of his creditors, not included in articles “exempted from attachment.” When he does succeed in getting out an abortion of a laugh—for it is nothing but an abortion—he appears frightened, and looks as though he expected it would be pounced upon by the constable.

“Pay as You Go,” and you will meet smiling faces at home—happy, cherry-cheeked, smiling children—a contented wife—a cheerful hearthstone.

John Randolph was right. It is the philosopher's stone.

birds too have returned—the thrush and the black-bird have once more taken possession of their old retreats, and we know nothing under heaven more delightful than to stroll out early in the morning, and listen to their sweet songs.

In all ages and in all climes the wise and the good have sung the praises of Spring; and those of our little readers who are fond of buttercups and daisies, cannot do better than to watch the change of the weeks at the present season, and they will find much to please and to profit them.

The Spring has returned; the bright sun will soon become warm and pleasant, the boughs will soon be covered with bright green leaves, and the rose trees will soon be in blossom; we shall soon be able to revel in delight, we long to ramble through the bright and glorious woods, far from human eye, we long to stand there silently, and listen to the gurgling brook or the wood-dove: and the forget-me-not will be at our feet, and so will be the aster, the rabbit will run across our path under the beautiful fern, and we shall have our hearts full of tender and happy emotions. Oh, we dearly love the Spring! How pleasant in May, after a slight shower, is a walk in the country; the ground is moist and refreshed, the air of full of fragrance; look at that pink lilac, how sweetly it perfumes the air, as does also that beautiful wall flower. Hark, the thrush is singing; look up, there he sits on the topmost bough, and now the black-bird is answering him! Oh happy Spring! Thus we are led to think of the happiness of the future from the blessedness of the present, and from the experience of the past; we fully and affectionately enter into your happiness, ye little ones, we know what we were once; we, too, could run over the "dewy lawn," aye and shout to the rooks, and chase the frisking lamb too, with laps full of daffodils; and we can do so again, but alas! it is in our minds eye alone: we rush with you in your careless joy, we climb over the style in your company, we feel all you do, and we laugh with happiness; our spirits assume a lively nature, and we forget our cares and breathe again the delicious air of childhood, for

"Spring has come, delightful spring,
With all its birds and flowers,
A making glad each human thing,
Dull with long winter hours."

Yes, spring has come; the expanding leaves and fruit-trees' blossom proclaim its return, and whilst many a head has been low in the earth, and whilst many a spirit has been called to its long account, we have been left—for what? to express our gratitude by our lives, to feel once again all those ecstasies which the return of the season brings. The winter has gone, we shall see no more frozen ponds till the next winter, no more snow, but sunshine and bright clouds await us! We have left the warm fire-side; how many a joyous hour have we passed there! There is something about the winter's-hearth, which makes it dear to our memories. Although the beautiful days of spring have arrived, yet it was such happiness in your school-hours, to look forward to the bright fire-side circle, to anticipate the old marvellous story, and to relieve the poor beggar-boy when he knocked for relief! But it has gone, although sometimes the winter-wind will rustle through the branches at even,—yet how bracing, when the young moon is shining upon us, and the stars are all twinkling in their

lustre! We would here recommend our young readers to rise early, and taste the joyousness of this spring-time, of which we are so liberal in our praises; for we know the happiness attending it. It was a bright morning when we started to welcome "the return of spring." The sun was shining very brightly, and the blue sky put new joys into our heart. The spirit of love was within us—our enthusiasm was awakened—and away we went to welcome nature in her new attire! We soon gained our old familiar grove; nature had awakened, and we rejoiced to have one full leaf to show her forwardness! We had just entered a secluded lane—two or three cottages were scattered here and there—the windows were opened to catch the morning air—the cottagers were turning up the soil, and planting the seeds and roots—when we overtook some rosy-faced children gathering flowers; it did our hearts good—and we walked with them, in company, and talked of the blessedness of spring—and their little eyes sparkled with pleasure; they were the pictures of health and good-humour. The little village church spire was in the distance and the birds were singing when we gathered leaves with those children. Oh, how we wish we could tell you what we felt in our hearts—to encourage you to early rising! It is then we feel the goodness of God, when our feelings have been so worked upon—when our souls have been so elevated—when our affections have been so warm: then

"Up—let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air:
The birds is building in the tree,
The flower has opened to the bee,
And health, and love, and peace are there."

And surely the return of spring is a fit subject for praise and gratitude, towards that great Governor of the universe who "spoke, and it was done;" "commanded, and it stood fast."

We have already mentioned our having been spared to enjoy the luxuries of one more spring: that should create in our hearts, holy and grateful praise; and we should, when we wander forth

"So sip the cup of dewy bliss,"

think of the mercy, and the love which has been so abundantly bestowed upon us; and then, when the grateful tear rolls down our cheek, we should feel new creatures; old weary thoughts would soon pass away, and we should more and more long for the dear hour, when we might observe the change of the seasons, and when we might sing merrily to God. We do hope, in conclusion, that we have not admonished our dear little readers in vain—that they will act upon our advice, and try its effect—and we promise them such *happy* results! Then the seasons *may* change, and the year pass away—flowers *may* fade, and snows *may* fall—yet we shall believe, as fondly as faithfully, that the "everlasting arm" of the bountiful Creator will ever extend itself towards us—and we shall be irresistibly drawn towards that high and holy place "eternal in the heavens." We are of more consequence, in the sight of God, than either birds or flowers: it is our duty, therefore, to sing continually our grateful praise; for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof."

"The earth is thine—thy creature, man!
Thine are all worlds—all suns that shine:
Darkness and light, and life and death,
Whate'er all space inhabiteth,—
Creator! Father! all are Thine."

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

It is the first mild day of May,
Each minute sweeter than before:
The red-breast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field. WORDSWORTH

ONCE again we delight ourselves with luxurious thoughts as the Spring returns—once again our old feelings and our familiar affections awake as from a long sleep, and we are wrapt in all the pure and holy thoughts of birds and flowers. Our young readers will remember that Spring commenced during *March*, so named after *Mars* the god of war.

The days now have considerably increased, the sun rises before six o'clock, and then commences his glorious journey through the sky; the lark leaves her nest and mounts in ecstasy and gladness.

Observe the change; the trees recently so bare and melancholy, have now assumed a more cheerful appearance, the large buds brown, and red, green are bursting forth. The snow drop will soon leave us again, but the beautiful yellow primrose has once more visited us, and thus it grows on the banks of the lane, passing away its life in solitude and sweetness. The little common daisy too, now peeps forth and rejoices at the departure of winter. The purple violet begems the green walks, and beautiful weeds now grace the way-side and grove. The

THE UNFORTUNATE CIPHER.

The Marseilles Gazette a few weeks ago tells us a curious anecdote relating to one of the first commercial men of that town. This gentleman, having a business correspondent on the African coasts, bethought him some time since, that, as some members of his family had shown a partiality for *monkeys*, he might gratify them by sending for one or two specimens of these animals from Africa. Accordingly, he wrote to his correspondent to procure two or three of the finest and most admired species, and transmit them to Marseilles. Chance so ordered it that the merchant, in putting down the *ou* (in English *or*,) between the figures 2 and 3, made the *o* very prominent, while the *u* remained scarcely visible.

"What great events from trifling causes spring." Some months afterward, a ship-porter came in all haste to the old merchant, and announced to him that his menagerie had arrived. "Menagerie!" cried the merchant. "Yes, a menagerie; a whole cargo of monkeys had arrived to his consignment!" The merchant could scarcely credit the announcement, until the letter of his correspondent was put into his hands. In that epistle, the African negotiant, a man of the most uncompromising exactitude, excused himself very earnestly for not having been able, with all his exertion, to procure more than 160 monkeys, in place of the 203 ordered; but promised, as soon as possible, to fulfil the entire demand. The feelings of the honest merchant may be guessed, when, on moving down to the quay to satisfy himself on the subject by ocular inspection, he beheld his one hundred and sixty monkeys, all duly caged and littered, and grinning at him with the most laudable pertinacity. It was a moment when a man might reasonably doubt whether it would be best to laugh or cry. So much for the value of ciphers!

AMBER.—Amber is a beautiful yellow, and, generally, transparent substance, found, principally, in the form of small lumps, roundish, and like birds' eggs, on the shores of the Baltic. Pliny speaks of this substance 1800 years ago, and poetically supposes they may be the chrystalized tears of men and animals, who are wandering in sorrowing grief. Amber is one of the most ancient of all the substances noticed by early writers. It frequently contains small insects, completely surrounded and thus preserved to the most distant age. Thus have lost species of insects been preserved by specimens being included in Amber.

THE ATTENUATION OF GOLD LEAF.—An ounce of gold is equal in bulk to a cube, each of whose edges is five-twelfths of an inch, or nearly half an inch, in length; so that placed upon a table it would cover nearly one quarter of a square inch of its surface, standing nearly half an inch in height. This cube of gold the gold-beater extends until it covers one hundred and forty-six square feet, and it may readily be calculated that to be thus extended from a surface of five-twelfths of an inch square to one of one hundred and forty-six square feet, its thickness must have been reduced from half an inch to the two hundred and ninety thousand six hundred and thirty-sixth part of an inch. Fifteen hundred such leaves of gold placed upon one another would not equal the thickness of the paper on which this periodical is printed.

FAMILY DEVOTION.—It is a beautiful thing to behold a family at their devotions. Who would not be moved at the tear that trembles in the mother's eye, as she looks to heaven, and pours forth her fervent supplications for the welfare of her children? Who can look with indifference upon the aged father, surrounded by his family, with his uncovered locks, kneeling in the presence of Almighty God, and praying for their happiness and prosperity? In whose bosom is not awakened the finest feeling, on beholding a tender child, in the beauty of its innocence, folding its little hand in prayer, and imploring the invisible, yet eternal Father, to bless its parents, its brothers and sisters, and its playmates?